

THE PIONEER

1930 - 31



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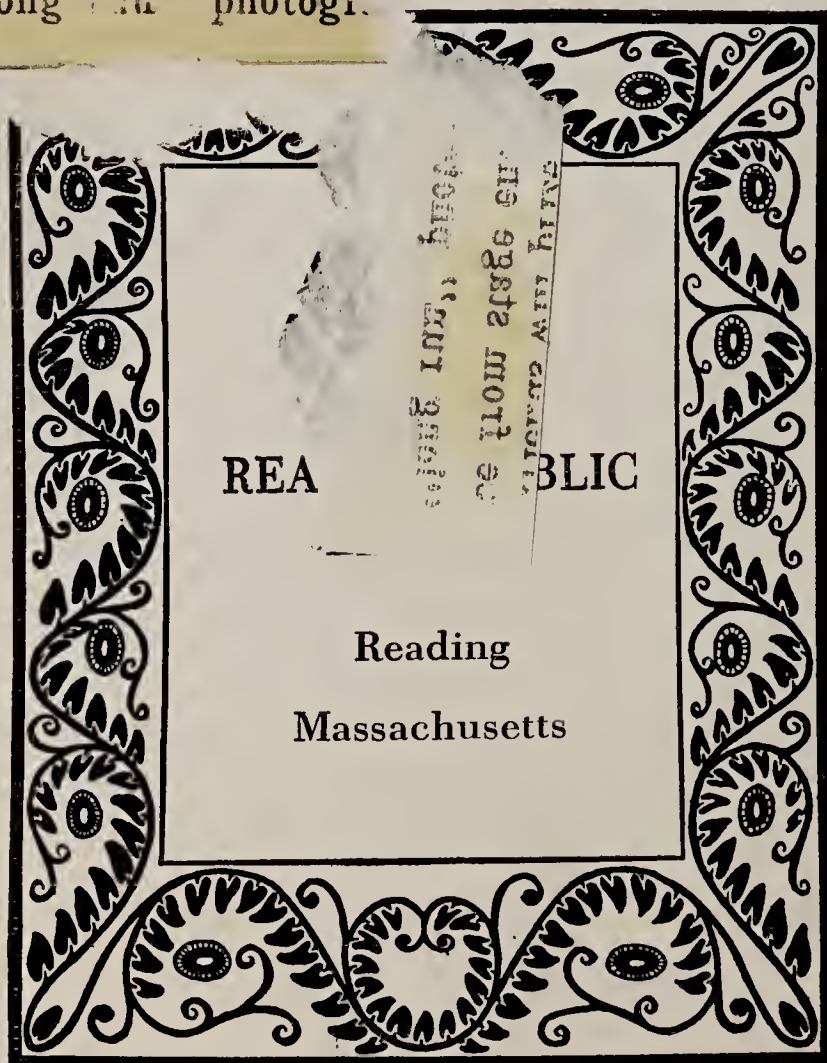
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The PIONEER

Winter Number

*In appreciation of the time and effort
they have given freely to us, we re-
spectfully dedicate this number of the
Pioneer to the faculty.*

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**Helen Beals, first Editor of the
Pioneer.**

Published by the Pupils of Reading High School
1930

O P I N I O N S

The most important part of school is not the number of facts we learn and remember—although they are important—but the training we get in thinking things out for ourselves. Teachers are always cautioning us not to be afraid to form our own opinions about things. We don't always have to think the other fellow's way, but we must have good reasons for our

opinions.

We must look over all the lessons we study and see how they are connected with real life. They show us what problems grown men and women have to solve, so that when we are called upon to solve our own problems of government, of the home, or of business, we will know how to do it.

M. M. '30.

AN HOUR IN THE LABORATORY

The bell rings, keys jingle, desks scrape open—and another laboratory period has begun. To some, a selected few, this will be an hour of bliss; to others it will be merely another hour to struggle through. Fortunately there is a happy medium between these two, those to whom chemistry is still much of a mystery but worth being solved. They will enjoy this period to the utmost, even though they make a mistake in the middle of the experiment and have to begin again.

The "initiated few," mostly boys, are held very much in awe. They know all about the experiments beforehand and just how they will come out. But no one dares to bother them with questions. Besides, questions would do no good; the explanation would be too far beyond ordinary understanding.

There are crucial moments in the laboratory period (just as crucial as any in a Latin recitation.) Take, for instance, the time when, after working for two solid hours on an experiment,

you bring a jumble of figures to the instructor. Perhaps they are one-tenth out of the way. He looks rather undecided (of course you look hopeful:) "Well, I suppose—no, I guess you had better try it over."

Then there are those little slips, "breakage slips." Perhaps you have been trying to conceal a crack in your test tube and are heating it in a business-like manner. The instructor, coming around to see how your experiment is working, observes pleasantly, "Broken your test tube, girls?" You sigh, "Yes," and think to yourself, "Another slip."

All these trying moments are offset, however, in the joy of completing an experiment successfully. When the figures do work out to something you can understand or when your acid and base evaporate nicely to a salt, it is enough to repay all your labors.

The bell rings again, and the period is over. An end to working out the fascinating secrets of science for today.

N E W S

A general assembly, opened by the singing of "America," was held on November 8. Mr. Sussmann gave a short talk after which everyone joined in singing "Step by Step." After these Armistice Day Exercises we all had

the extreme pleasure of hearing Walter Damrosch in one of his Friday morning concerts. Everyone voted that he would be glad to have the privilege of hearing him again.

A special assembly was called at two

o'clock, November 18, to show us a film presented at the Rotary Club that noon. This film gave in pictures a resume of all the important news of the last twenty years. The purpose of this picture put out by the Boston Traveler is to show that newspapers do contain news of real value.

On December 6, Mr. Talbot, a representative of the Massachusetts Audubon Society, came to us through the courtesy of Mr. Ross Chapin to give a lecture. He gave a most interesting talk concerning bird protection and he showed pictures of many birds, some of which, not long ago, were very plentiful but are now extinct due to man's carelessness. Let us, who heard his talk, protect our little friends, the birds.

On December 16, the Junior Woman's Club presented to the High School the play "The Elopement of Ellen" with a cast consisting of Ruth Folsom, Alice Poole, Gloria Wilcox, Betty Wilcox, Mary Devaney, Dorothy Wright, Eleanor Quigley. Olive Spear prompted. The play was very well done and much commendation is merited by Miss Pratt and Miss Smith who coached. The

cast was well balanced and the male impersonations offered much enjoyment to the audience.

The annual Junior Promenade was held by the class of 1931, on Friday, December 20, in the High School Hall. The hall was most appropriately decorated with evergreen trees, which were banked around the sides of the hall. Snowballs were suspended, very realistically, from the ceiling.

Lanterns of the class color hung from the ceiling. Candles in the window also lent a festive appearance to the hall. The decorations in the opinion of several persons who have attended previous proms, were the most attractive ever. Music was supplied by Ben Kittredge and his broadcasting orchestra.

The committee in charge consisted of Patricia Littlefield, chairman; Gertrude Wright, Thomas St. Louis, Eleanor Quigley, Frank Cate, William Stewart, Betty Scott, James Perry and Paul Swanson.

The matrons were Miss Batchelder, Mrs. Quigley, Mrs. Wright and Mrs. St. Louis.

I. B. '31.

BASKETBALL

On Thursday, December 6, Coach Aldred called out candidates for the basketball team. About 50 boys reported. This included only two of last year's lettermen, Merritt and Sias, who are expected to form the defense. Among the most promising forwards are Pierce, Burhoe, Wheeler, Dunn, Pomfret and Temple. Pierce, a former Deering High player, has shown up well in practice.

In view of the very successful football season, it is expected we will have an equally good basketball season.

The schedule, to which a few games will probably be added, follows:

Dec. 21	Alumni
Jan. 3	Winchester*
Jan. 8	Belmont*
Jan. 10	at Lexington*
Jan. 15	Melrose
Jan. 17	at Stoneham*

Jan. 22	Lowell
Jan. 24	at Wakefield*
Jan. 29	at Belmont*
Jan. 31	Lexington*
Feb. 4	at Milton
Feb. 7	Stoneham*
Feb. 11	Malden
Feb. 14	Wakefield*
Feb. 18	at Fitchburg
Feb. 21	at Winchester*

*Middlesex League Games.

The High School basketball season started on December 21, when the Orange and Black took on the Alumni, which team had its usual quota of stars. Almost immediately the graduates took the lead two fouls to one. The rest of the half saw little scoring, but at the end of the period the High School led 6-2.

In the second half the varsity put on a great rally, running the score up into the 20's before the Alumni sank another shot. Finally after 29 minutes had been played they got their first field goal. The game ended with the High School ahead 26-9.

The score:

High School			
	G	F	Ttl
Gale	0	0	0
Burhoe	1	0	2
Temple	2	1	5
Pierce	5	0	10
Merritt	3	1	7
Sias	1	0	2

Alumni			
	G	F	Ttl
Weeks	0	0	0
Cutcliffe	0	1	1
Dukelow	1	0	2
Horton	0	0	0
Zwicker	2	2	6

On Friday, January 3, the Winchester hoopsters came here to play the first Middlesex League game. The game was fast and well played throughout. One of the largest crowds ever to throng into the gym was in attendance. Allan Temple had the honor of scoring the first basket and also that of being leading scorer. Reading came out on top in the first team game with a score of 19-10. Winchester won the second team game 21-10.

The score:

Reading			
	G	F	Ttl
Burhoe	1	0	2
Temple	4	1	9
Pierce	2	2	6
Merritt	0	0	0
Sias	1	0	2

Winchester			
	G	F	Ttl
Robinson	2	0	4
Dolan	2	0	4
Lee	0	1	1
K. West	0	0	0
A. Penn	0	1	1

On Wednesday, January 8, Belmont invaded our home grounds in our sec-

ond league game. They brought with them a star in Howatt who scored 13 of their 16 points. Temple was again Reading's high scorer, while Sias got some fine long shots. Reading was finally victorious 19-16. The second team lost by the low score of 5-4.

The score:

Reading			
	G	F	Ttl
Temple	4	0	8
Gale	1	0	2
Burhoe	0	0	0
Dunn	0	1	1
Pierce	1	0	2
Sias	2	0	4
Merritt	1	0	2

Belmont			
	G	F	Ttl
Hooper	0	0	0
Mahoney	0	0	0
Buttenworth	0	0	0
Howatt	6	1	13
Sturgess	1	1	3

On January 10, Reading visited Lexington for the first away-from-home game of the season. At the tap off Lexington got the ball but soon lost it. Reading ran up eleven points before our opponents got started. Burhoe was leading scorer of the half which ended 13-3 in Reading's favor.

The second half was a little closer but Reading sank 10 more points to win 23-10. The second team won for the first time this season.

The score of the first team:

Reading			
	G	F	Ttl
Temple	1	0	2
Burhoe	4	0	8
Pierce	0	1	1
Sias	5	0	10
Merritt	0	0	0
Gale	1	0	2

Lexington			
	G	F	Ttl
Spellman	0	0	0
Kimball	0	0	0
Potter	1	2	4
Britt	1	0	2
Readel	1	0	2
Peterson	0	1	1
Zuretti	0	1	1

SPORT NOTES

Lean back in your chair. Ah, Neal O'Hara never thought of one like that. We suggest a boxing match between "Shrimp" Pierpont and "Neverkeep-quiet" Shires, the money to go to the High School A. A. Perhaps "Art" would rather stage a gabfest with "Oscar" Low.

Coach ought to sue the talkie companies for stealing his pet football plays.

Pierce, former Deering High, is surely a darling basketball player.

"Bus" proved he's no bust by sinking five points. Well, no alumni star did better.

"If I Had a Talking Picture of You" is the favorite locker room song. If the picture is anything like the sound, we'd hate to hear it.

Didn't "Dinnie" play some nice basketball in the Alumni game?

Why doesn't "Fran" come out for basketball? He'd look great passing to "Mert" on the quick breakaway.

"Bus" looks to be out for a great season.

Fitchburg looks like the big game of the season. Are you going?

Newspaper stories are good, but don't forget it was "Dick" Gale that scored the winning point in the Wakefield game.

How did you like the faculty team printed in the Chronicle? It gave some of us a good laugh, but don't forget they beat the varsity a couple of years ago. Mr. Sussmann, if we remember rightly, was the star in that game.

If "Dick" Burhoe can only go as fast as his car, we've got the league title now.

How did you like that junior team? Looks good for next year.

We're sorry for the poor Juniors who study so hard they have no time to be an assistant manager. Are there no Scotchmen in the class? You know, you see all the games free.

Who wrote that "Sophomore" on the bulletin board? Please remember there is another "o" in it, but, goodness, where are the "a's"?

How about some teacher forming a basketball league and playing the games in the H. S. gym? The idea was tried out some years ago with

PIONEER COVER DESIGNS

On Tuesday, January 7, a meeting of the "Pioneer" board was held to select covers for the three remaining issues this year. The covers chosen were

drawn by Harriet Howe, Clayton Downs, and Francis Merritt. Each of these three will receive a year's free subscription to the "Pioneer."

T. F. — There's food for thought in this magazine story.

R. H. — Full of meat, eh?

T. F. — No, it's a serial.

P. P. — Any one can see you have a talent for painting.

D. B. — Oh, how can you tell?

P. P. — One look at your face.

Mr. Gates — What were the American colonists fighting for?

Burditt — Their immoral rights.

Mr. Pope — What holds the sun up?

Martin — The sunbeams, of course.

F. B. — How long could a person live without brains?

H. H. — Let's see, how old are you?



GIRLS' ATHLETICS

This year's Girls' Hockey squad was organized with E. Anderson as captain, and E. Benjamin as manager.

A practice game was played at Stoneham on November 8, in which our team was defeated 5-0. The work of our girls playing against a league team was very satisfactory to the coach, Miss Florence Nichols.

The lineup consisted of E. Anderson, center; M. Connelly, G. Hickey, left inner; G. MacAuley, O. Conti, R. Webster, right inner; E. Benjamin, left wing; C. Weafer, F. Marchetti, D. Melendy, right wing; Rita Ainsworth, right halfback; B. Kerr, left halfback; M. Richards, center halfback; E. Ells, M. Rielly, fullback; M. Griswold, guard.

The members of the squad who did not play at Stoneham were E. Connelly, D. Eaton, M. Lewis, and H. Parker.

During the week of November 25, the girls' gym classes elected leaders, who chose teams for interclass sports. The object is to stimulate competition between the gym classes.

Each class has four teams, the leaders of which are: L. Clifford, B. Ives, A. Leach, M. Moreau, H. Ellison, G. Wright, J. Clark, E. Gage, R. Pomfret, R. Chesley, C. Kinsley, C. Pitman, R. Pitman, A. Poole, M. Richards, E. Quigley, P. Littlefield, H. Byram, R. Parker, K. Spencer, E. Benjamin, E. Anderson, E. Riemer, M. Connelly.

D. T. P. '30.

IN THE FLAME CASTLE

I sensed that last night would find me paying another visit to the Flame Castle. Somehow I felt perverse, incredulous. Those other visits—they were probably only evening dreams. But tonight I would make sure. I tried to will myself there, but it was not until I was half asleep with the effort of concentration that I found myself being bowed into the long hall by my friend, the Flame-man.

But the hall was not the same. Before, it had been black and dark; now, doors were thrown open along its length; flickering lights made the place bright; the walls were hung with cloth of a glorious tangerine hue. From the rooms on either side came the sounds of gaiety.

The immense room, which was the only one I had been in before, was decorated extravagantly, and down its length was a banquet table laden with the finest linen, silver, and glass. The room, however, was empty.

My host led me to seat of honor. Then he turned towards the drawn curtains at the end of the room and clapped his hands three times. The cur-

tains drew slowly apart while music, so beautiful it seemed unreal, heralded the appearance of a company of people, handsomely dressed who two by two advanced and bowed, first to their leader, then to me. As they took their places, I saw that their clothes were of every color ever seen in a fire, but their faces were curiously indistinct and wavering. I looked for the people that I had seen on the stage in this very room, but I could distinguish none.

While the unseen musicians played, food was placed on the table, strange, queer food, of which I had never seen the like before. I could not describe it now, but though each had a distinctive taste every kind left an odd, burning sensation in my mouth.

At last the feast was over. I was conducted into some of the apartments on either side of the hall. In some, these flame people were dancing, in others, they were playing games, or simply talking congenially together. Everywhere they greeted me courteously, but I do not know now whether I joined in the games or conversation. It all seemed blurry and fantastic.

At last we were all gathered in the great room again. The table had been removed, but waiters were passing trays on which were slender goblets filled with what was literally liquid fire. When everyone had a glass, the Flame-man proposed my health, and everyone drank. Laughingly, I, too, drank to myself. Instantly I felt giddy, irresponsible, and careless of consequences.

Thus when the Flame-man, turning to me asked, "And what do you think of us here?" I was possessed of an Alice-in-Wonderland-mood, and even as she had answered, I returned gayly,

thoughtlessly, "Why you are only lumps of coal!"

For one terrible moment there was absolute silence. Then each person became an eager, reaching flame bending towards me, greed in the grasping, curling fingers. I screamed in terror—then, I was standing alone, and the fire smouldered angrily. What had I done? What had I done? But even as I stared bewilderedly, the truth came with crushing clarity, overwhelming me with everlasting remorse—for the Flame Castle was gone—forever.

B. J. B. '31.

REGARDING HORSES AND CARRIAGES

Not long ago, while jaunting rather aimlessly around the streets of our beautiful old town in company with two other lads and a Ford sedan, all equally infected with the wanderlust, I encountered a sight which led me to believe that prehistoric days were home on a visit. After puzzling over the sight for a few moments, our masterful brains deciphered the puzzle. Believe it or not, the queer craft ahead was a horse and carriage! Why, I wondered, should anyone (especially two lofty Senior girls with two insignificant Sophomore boys) wish to reconnoitre in this strange vehicle? Since then I have thought over the question and have found some light in what at first seemed an impenetrable sea of darkness.

First think of the delicious distinction in riding in a dear old rickety carriage. And consider the attention you gain. Perhaps you have tried unsuccessfully for years to have your angelic physiognomy adorn the front page of your local rotogravure section. If so, here is the solution to your problem. Not only are you in the limelight, but, if conditions are right, you will also be in the headlights. And horns of various new Fords, trailing in procession, acclaim your new-found prestige. Another gorgeous possibility is Sauntering nonchalantly down the mid-

that of holding up traffic behind you. dle of the road, impervious to outraged motorists, who in sweet, gentle tones urge you to draw to one side of the highway, is indeed excellent sport. I might also mention that in the case of the horse I am featuring the pick-up was marvellous. Also remember that the horse is alive; he is not a piece of machinery. You may call the handsome thoroughbred by all sorts of pet endearments, especially when the gallant steed balks. Ah, what beautiful fondnesses are articulated at these moments! And don't forget the "back-seat." It is only an outside extension of the floor, and the view ahead is not so much—merely a blank. But what is this to the two occupants of this position? And please note that driving a horse is a great economy. Lyrically speaking, you buy no gas; the horse eats grass. How much more money is left with which to procure jelly beans! No tire trouble nor traffic cops annoy you; you have a long whip to flourish grandiloquently. And say what you will, the bumps are not so bad. And speaking of bumps you can't crack your cranium on a steel frame as a certain youthful adventurer did, as a certain Ford sedan careened rather wildly around a certain horse and carriage of which I am thinking.

Consider the matter. Procure a horse and carriage. Drive slowly around Reading. We promise to inform you of our presence in the rear. Nuf said,

"Giddyap, Napoleon. It looks like rain."

It looks like

V. H. W. '30.

ON ANSWERING ADVERTISEMENTS

Answering advertisements (concerning such things as sample packages of grape-nuts, post toasties, et cetera), has always appealed to me and I have regarded it as a novelty. Consequently, whenever I have read an advertisement in a magazine that did not necessitate the sending of stamps or any money, as I am Scotch, I literally pounced upon it, and had the ad in an envelope and on its way in ten seconds from the time I had perceived it. Many times such ads have ended disastrously, especially those sent for this year, but just the same it has been fun.

My first reply to an ad^s was in connection with a sample box of grape-nuts. I received my order, so to speak, in short time and much to my delight was sent two packages instead of one and a recipe book besides. Thus, encouraged at "beginner's luck", I decided to try again. The next had to be for my personal beauty (?) — some liquid that would make my hair curly for the rest of my life. As I had always adored curly hair, I was attracted to this most miraculous ad, and for days I watched the mail, waiting for that priceless something — but — sad to relate, it never came. For the next two or three weeks I was not inclined to answer advertisements, but, at last, upon seeing that I could get a sample of almost everything Mr. Dennison produced, I sent for the wonderful collection. To my disappointment Mr. Dennison seemed like myself in temperament, extremely

Scotch, for all I received for my good envelope and two-cent stamp was a napkin, a few tags, and a few stickers minus the stickum. I made many futile attempts after that to receive for other two-cent stamps, cold cream, soap, and various other beautifiers, but finally, at wits end, I sent for some post toasties, (as if I hadn't already refused to eat that cereal for some weeks). Sure enough, it came and added to the miniature storehouse of post toasties, already in the pantry. Thus ended the ads for that year which, as it seemed, took the joy from living.

Inspired with the feeling that I might get some pictures that would be suitable for notebooks, I had the nerve to send for two sample books of the Book of Knowledge, one at a time. I received the two, which proved to be extremely different from each other, and very useful. However, for my two cents I was also sent two live men. After each book arrived, one came to interview my mother to see if she wouldn't like to buy the set. When a man had come to see her for the second time from that company, she informed me that I was not to send for that book again. Nevertheless, I did send for one of C— because of which mother has received letter after letter from the C— people. Thus, I do not know whether I would advise anyone else to reply to advertisements as frequently as I have — there are too many complications and too many two-cent stamps and envelopes wasted.

M. Guild

Miss England — Have you done your outside reading yet?

Lindsay — No, its been too cold.

F. M. — Did you ever hear of a gas that was a liquid?

P. M. — Sure, gasoline.

Do We Change?



1926



1930



1926



1930



1926



1930



1926



1930



1926



1930



1926



1930

And How!

Mar 2 '30

THE BLOOD SAROUK

Do you remember the great Lowen-Hill Mystery? I recall that it occurred just before the Spanish-American war and perhaps you wouldn't remember; but even if you do, the tragedy bears retelling.

Mr. and Mrs. Lowen-Hill, residents of Park Avenue, and members of that class called the idle-rich were traveling in Asia-Minor when Mrs. Lowen-Hill discovered in a half-ruined palace of the great Emir Saut-Abal-Frumen, a treasure in the form of a glorious Sarouk rug. She found the rug in a deserted bed room of the great Emir, who had died so mysteriously. Announcing her intention of buying the carpet, she met opposition from her husband on the grounds that such a rug would be hard to send home and that it was too old. These arguments increased her desire for the Sarouk until finally her husband consented to its purchase. But when she broached her plan to the care-taker, she met determined opposition. Again however she won and doubly so, in her mind, for she learned the history of the rug.

It had been the gift of a brother ruler to Emir Saut-Abal-Frumen. Shortly before his death, it had been placed in his bed-room. Soon after his death, his heir Frau-Po-Abal died of the same malady as his father. Strangely enough succeeding tenants of the palace fell ill of the same disease and all died. These curious deaths gave the palace a bad reputation, and due to the fact that the great rug had been a prominent article in the royal chamber and also because of its hue, it was called the "Blood Sarouk."

To say that Mrs. Lowen-Hill was pleased is to express her satisfaction mildly.

Upon her return she placed the luxurious rug in the drawing room of her house; and of course she had a ball, on the pretext that she wanted to see her friends again, but in reality to en-

joy the envy of the female guests because of her possession of the perfect rug.

The Sarouk after having been laid, was left in the still solitude of the room until its opening for the ball.

"Oh Mrs. Van-Courtland do come in and see the rug that I picked up in Turkey. It's a Sarouk and it has the most interesting history. You see they called it the 'Blood Sarouk' isn't that thrilling?"

Mrs. Lowen-Hill revelled in the telling of the story, and gradually as the tale progressed, the number of guests in the room increased, their movements causing the dust which had gathered during long centuries to rise from the thick carpet so long unused and to cast itself over the modern drawing-room. Personally I think it does not speak well for the servants.

At any rate, when the guests left there were two who were suffering from slight colds, and Mrs. Lowen-Hill was so ill from attending to her duties of hostess that when the last guest had left, she retired after calling her physician for some sleeping powder. On his arrival he found Mrs. Lowen-Hill very ill and ordered her removal to the hospital. Mr. Lowen-Hill retired that night a worried harrassed man, and next morning when his valet went to call him he found a corpse! At the hospital Mrs. Lowen-Hill struggled between life and death. For all the medical skill, she too passed away!

The newspapers reported that double death; and then two more deaths; both had been guests of the Lowen-Hills! Upon the receipt of this knowledge the press questioned "foul play" but it came to naught, for the police inquest decided death to be natural, even though one of the guests present at the inquest retold the legend of the rug, this the coroner labeled "silly superstition."

The home of the Lowen-Hill's was sold and a distant relative fell heir to the property together with the rug. But this person investigated the le-

gend of the rug. Let me tell you the story as it was told to me.

"— and learning that the Emir's death had profited the donor, I reasoned that perhaps the rug had something to do with it so I called in a chemist. At first he laughed at me but finally he agreed to examine the rug. Well, you know the rest. The rug was sprinkled with a poisonous

powder, the creation of long ago, which had evidently remained unsuspected for hundreds of years. When the dust had been stirred up the poison mingled with it and caused the death of those who had inhaled the preparation. Quite clever, and ingenious I call it."

—and so did I.

P. G. P. '30.

THE GREATEST SCARE I EVER HAD

One night I went over to my chum's house, presumably to study. After a perfunctory glance at our lessons we started to read a mystery story, taking turns in reading aloud. Soon it grew so spooky we didn't dare to go on because there was no one else in the house. Even after we had closed the book, we grew so jumpy at every creak and rustle in the old house that we decided to go to bed.

Not daring to sleep in separate rooms, we slept together. Soon we were in deep slumber. But my dreams weren't so very peaceful. I dreamed that I was skating over an iceberg, clad only in the thinnest of evening dresses with kid slippers on my feet. I skated over the edge and felt myself falling—falling. Just as I reached the water, I woke up to discover that my bed-fel-

low had slowly but surely wound the bedclothes around her recumbent form and I had nothing over me.

Just then I saw something that drove all thought of the cold from my mind. A dark shadow lay on the moonlit floor. As I watched, it began to move toward the bed. Fascinated and terror stricken. I watched the thing come closer and closer. My voice and limbs were frozen, and I could neither move nor make a sound. Then, oh horror of horrors! The shadow slowly rose and my hysterical laughter filled the room. I had forgotten "Jove," my friend's new puppy. Though we had thought the door securely closed, the latch had not caught, and the puppy had nosed the door open and come in for company.

Barbara Jewett '32.

MY DISCOVERY OF HYD-AND-SIEK

(Since reading "The Aztec Treasure House" by Janvier I have often wondered if the public would not be interested in the explorations of Dr. Iamfrom Missouri, the Swedish Archeologist. The following is the story of his South Buston explorations).

For many years I have been an archeologist in South Buston. I studied ancient Hog Latin manuscripts in an effort to find a village which had not had contact with Amerikuh since the Red-coats gave up Buston on Evacuashun Day. How I alone knew it was there I can not tell unless it is that I had observed certain things

about the natives of South Buston which seemed to indicate that Cockney accent was being kept alive with even more fog-horn characteristics than in the case of Milt Gross. Thus I inferred that the Red Coats had secretly left an isolated group of ultra Cockneys when they evacuated; the plan was: when South Buston became in danger of being Amerikuhnized these ultra Cockneys would receive a heaven-sent sign and they would immediately loose themselves on the unsuspecting Bustonians and contaminate them with Cockney.

I was able to make out a plan of the

streets to follow in order to discover this desperate band (the original maps showed cow-paths but then, Buston's Streets are only cow-paths in disguise). I gathered about me this band of adventurers: Pat Pending, Wal Street, C. M. T. Camp, and General Nuisance. We outfitted ourselves with pogo-sticks and at the suggestion of General Nuisance we also added some oranges to our equipment. We started out in high spirits, but since none of the party had ever had much experience with pogo-sticks we had a great deal of difficulty with those little beasts. General Nuisance rode his like a little boy's broom-horse and all but Pat Pending followed suit. Pat soon regretted not doing so because he miscalculated the size of a mud puddle and, on hopping the poor pogo-stick in the water, he lost his balance. He emerged looking like one of the Knights of the Mud-bath. Before continuing our journey Wal Street gave a dividend to Pat to cheer the latter's dampened spirits. Thus attired in mud and greenbacks, Pat was indeed a comical sight. Eventually after the many hardships of city travel, we came to a house which seemed to have been untouched since colonial days; I approximated that this was our destination. I figured better than I knew, for a little peep hole was opened in the massive door of three-ply pine and recalling my bootlegger's signal at the "Poem of the Month Club" I said:

"Three live mice on a dead cat's chest
Yo Ho
And a quart of milk".

Later I learned that the Cockneys detested milk and that rum should have been used even for mice. Even so, the

door was opened and we were admitted into the presence of the last of the Red-Coats. It was really Pat Pending's appearance that gave admittance; his costume of mud and greenbacks combined with the party's using pogo-sticks was very similar to the heaven-sent sign which was a golden man on stilts. The pogo-sticks somewhat resembled stilts and Pat's greenbacks were almost as good as gold.

The Cockneys treated us very graciously for two or three days, although both sides were wary. Then one night a very clever pickpocket removed Pat's greenbacks. As soon as we discovered the theft, we prepared to battle for our lives, because we knew there would be trouble as soon as anyone tried to buy anything with the greenbacks. They were counterfeit.

Late in the afternoon a great commotion was heard among the Cockneys, and we assumed a war-like formation under the command of General Nuisance. We loaded our hip-pockets with oranges and held one in each hand. As a Cockney tried to enter our room, an orange was thrust into his gaping mouth. The receiver was then in a sorry fix for how can a Cockney fight unless he has full use of his voice? We thus subdued the whole band in five minutes and we might have done it in two minutes, if we had waited for the whites of their eyes. Our complete victory made the place sound, or rather look, like a deaf and dumb asylum.

I think that this is the most important of my explorations for now South Buston is safe from Cockney contamination and may in time be fully Amerikuhnized.

T. Fife '30.

ADVENTURES IN DELICATESSEN

(Overheard by the Pioneer's Roaming Rover)

"But you know, girls, there's plenty going on behind the counter at the steam table. Yeah! I should say so. Keep your eyes peeled and you will

see a lot. Uh, huh! I caught a grand one the other day. Mr.— ambled down large as life, and started to conduct a rapid-fire cross examination on the subject of sandwich filling. My dear, you should have been there. It was gorgeous. Guess he thought he was

still in class:
‘What’s in the sandwiches?’ — just like that, imagine it!
Well, she didn’t notice what he said, so she said:
‘It’s a fish chowder over there in the cooler’.
So he tried again:
‘What’s in the sandwiches?’
She didn’t again, so she said:
‘There they are right under your

elbow on the platter’.
So he said:
‘What’s in the sandwiches?’
That time somebody caught the idea:
‘Meat’.
And then, you know, he took a bite, and couldn’t help but laugh, because, you see, the sandwiches were lettuce and mayonnaise”.

R. H. S. SONGLAND

Wake Up, Children, Wake Up General remarks of teachers
I’m Afraid to Go Home in the Dark Stanley Low
Dancing Footsteps Hazel Hach
I’ll Close My Eyes to the Rest of the World Lyman Belknap in class
Here Comes the Showboat The Operetta
Missouri Squabble The Orchestra
Only Making Believe Franklin Burnham
Little Pal Latin Companion
Happy Days are Here Again Vacation
Lonely Students in the Math IV Class
Melancholy Helen Colley (?)
Dixie Jamboree Senior Class Meeting
Georgia Pines Theme Song of the Commercial Geography Class
Chant of the Jungle Music
Once in a Lifetime No Assignments
In the Hush of the Night Latin 3 and 4 Homework being done
Bigger and Better The Traffic Squad
Turn on the Heat General Remarks to Tiny
She’s So Unusual Gertrude MacAuley
I Can’t Remember the Words Philip Parker reciting in French
My Fate is in Your Hands Mrs. Mingo arrives at an inopportune moment
I May Be Wrong Carney
To Be Forgotten Detention Room

Athletic Association



Homework



Odor



Victory



Bells-



Ink



Pioneer



Waste baskets



Cramming-

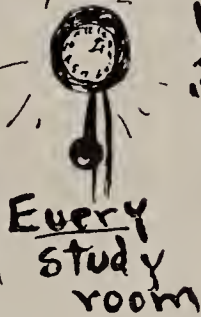


Juniors

Class rings

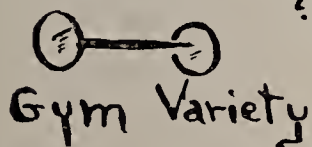


Quiet

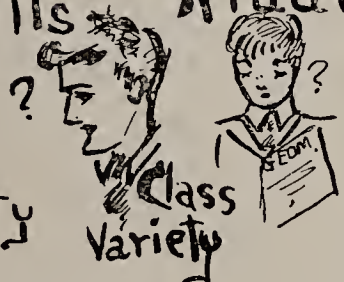


"The Unknown"

Dumbbells



Kiddies



Recitations



Youth

Seniors
Soph.



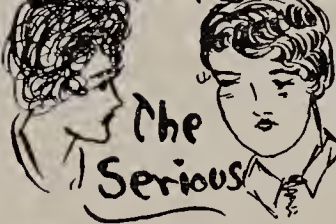
Exams-



Lunchroom



Seniors!



Zero



Fashions



Marks



Tickets



Gym



Notes



Union

"Buy seals"



RHS

YE WHIRLPOOL OF KNOWLEDGE

Question: Is world disarmament possible?

Answer: It is possible but not probable. If the seeker of knowledge cares to listen to Philip Parker and Stanley Low, he will receive much illumination on BOTH SIDES of the question.

Question: I am a love-sick young man infatuated with a beautiful girl. I am dying a slow death because she spurns all my advances. What shall I do?

Answer: Ordinarily Ye Master Mind does not answer questions of love or the future. However this is clear, if you are as bad off as you claim, you had better hasten your slow death by jumping under the first auto you see. I wish you the best of luck and hope the auto is moving fast enough to kill you instantly.

Question: I have a very fine young lady with whom I have kept company for a long time. Her parents are very strict, however, and compel her to be home by 11:00. What shall I do?

Answer: It is hard to believe that

such a state of affairs could exist in this modern world. The best remedy I can suggest is that during the daylight saving of summer months you should set your watch back an hour and go by standard time. Perhaps your ingenuity will suggest a similar method for the winter.

Question: Of what use is an alarm clock?

Answer: Ye Master Mind is convinced that an alarm clock is an instrument of torture. Although the guillotine immediately puts its victims out of all their miseries, the alarm clock brings its audience into the routine and troubles of a new day. Ye Master Mind urges an "Anti-alarm clock society" for the prevention of cruelty to humans.

Question: What are "wise cracks"?

Answer: Ye Master Mind says that a "wise crack" is an instantaneous thought which the originator thinks is a witty remark. Of course we can't guarantee the effect it has on the people around.

WE SUGGEST THAT:

Gertrude MacAuley wear a bathing suit to Chemistry.

Dorothy Berle dress at home.

Two certain young men pay less attention to their "water waves".

Allan Temple study his French.

Newer and snappier records be bought for the type-room.

Arlene Browne use her telephone less.

Kenneth Larrabee cease to be such a desperate woman-hater.

Midyear and final exams be omitted.

Earline Austin bring a couch to History.

The Orchestra tame those "Wild Horses".

More contributions to the Pioneer be passed in.

A skidding contest be held. Several have been getting a lot of practice lately.

Lyman Belknap cease driving his car with the back curtain down.

Sully use "horsemen" instead of stumbling with "cavalry".

Truesdell Fife study to be an orator.

Mr. Gates tabulate in his vade mecum the notations that hedonism is not the modern zeitgeist and that the prevalence of epizooty among equine quadrupeds is extreme solely in entre-pots. Really though, Mr. Gates, we're suggesting that you keep out of the dollar and a quarter words in class.

William Burpee be called "Precious".

Talbot Emery take home a Latin book at least once a month.

Helen Tibbetts do a type exercise right the first time.

Ham Burgess join the Boy Scouts.

Stanley Low and Marion Hilts learn a new dance step before the next dance.

J O K E S

I. B. — I play the piano just to kill time.

E. A. — You certainly have a good weapon.

R. C. (gently) — Can you drive with one hand?

Bud (eagerly) — You bet I can.

R. C. — Here, have an apple.

S. L. — I'm an awful ladies' man.

L. N. — That's right, I've seen you with some awful ladies.

A Classa

A Danca

A data

Perchanca

Out Lata

A Classa

A Quizza

No Passa

Gee Whizza.

Lofty Senior — You Sophs remind me of the ancient Greeks.

Eager Soph — How's 'at? Our classic features?

L. S. — Nope, your marble domes.

Any Sophomore — Will people be surprised when you graduate?

P. - - - - — No, — they've been expecting it for several years.

Miss N. C. (referring to linesman) — "Now isn't it stupid to have these surveyors working here while the game is going on?"

Nichols (to Murphy) — Is that clear now?

Murphy — As clear as mud.

Nichols — Well, that covers the ground.

One Reading High Teacher to another — I maintain that lovemaking is just the same as it ever was.

The other — How do you know?

First one — I just read about a Greek maiden who sat and listened to a lyre all night.

Mr. Halpin (referring to problem on black-board) — Now watch the board closely and I'll run through it again.

Dear Mr. Colgate,

The other day I bought a tube of your shaving cream. It says, "No mug required." What shall I shave?

Yours truly,

A Sophomore

Mr. Halpin — What do we mean when we say that the whole is greater than any of its parts?

Mary F. — One of my aunt's doughnuts.

The gum-chewing girl

And the cud-chewing cow

Are somewhat alike,

Yet different somehow.

What difference?

Oh, yes, I see it all now.

It's the thoughtful look

On the face of the cow.

C. - - - - — You can't arrest me, I'm a student.

Cop — Ignorance is no excuse.

S T O R Y

'Twas a dark and stormy night,
And the waves dashed on the shore,
When Nell, the fisherman's daughter,
Came knocking on our door.

"O father, father, are you here?"
The little maiden cried.
"To find you I have searched the
town,"
She added as she sighed.

"No, little girl," we gently said,
"Your father is not here."
And as we spoke we saw her brush
From each blue eye a tear.

"Be brave now, Nell," we said to her.
But hers was a broken heart.
Yet underneath this awful strain
She played a brave man's part.

"Wait Nell," we said, "and we will go
To aid you in your search."
So through the blinding storm we
passed
The dance hall and the church.

The night was black; the wind was
chill;

The foaming sea ran high;
The pelting rain beat through our
clothes;

No star shown in the sky.

"O father, father, are you still
Upon this frothing sea?
I know you are, for I can hear
The mad waves laugh with glee."

All night we searched, until the dawn;
We searched with might and main
But no sign of the fisherman—
Our search had been in vain.

"Be calm, dear Nell," we whispered,
"We know it's hard to bear
But if you'll only let us
We'll try to grieve our share."

"O that's not it," cried little Nell
As with sobs her body shook.
"He's got my 'Seven Sinners'
And I loved my little book."

V. W., '30.

PYRAMUS AND THISBE

Through the darkness of the night sly
Thisbe flew

Her parents unaware.

And, as she went, her veil about her
drew.

Arriving at the lair,
Seared 'neath the laurel bush,
For love had made her bold,
Behold a lioness doth push
To quaff a fountain cold.
Her jaws are smeared with foamy
blood of kill,
That she had stalked.

And, from afar the timid maiden still
Saw her and walked

With fearful steps, into a cavern dark
And, fleeing, dropped her veil.

The lioness the filmy thing did mark

While going toward the dale.

And with bloody jaws she tore

After her thirst was slaked.

But Pyramus the footprints saw, and
more—

The veil now all blood-caked.
His beauteous features paler grew
As he exclaimed:

"One night shall lose us lovers two
On me the guilt be blamed."

Dorothy W. Berle, '29.
Translated from the Latin.

H O M E

The shimmery sheen of a mountain
 green,
 And a lake of crystal blue;
 An azure sky;
 A birdling's cry;
 Such was the scene I knew.

The watery cool of a limped pool;
 A sea of tossing pine;

A shady nook;
 A twinkling brook;
 A land of honeyed wine.

Small wonder I want back my sky,
 My woods, my lakes, my hills.
 For the city's haste
 Is not to my taste
 Like a speckled wood bird's trills.
Vincent H. Whitney, '30.

M A N

Laughter, sadness, sorrow, and song
 Riches, poverty, right or wrong,
 Capitalist, laborite, scholar, fool,
 With each other beside life's pool.
 Master workman, creature of tool,
 Welded together in one great jewel
 —Love and humanity,
 —Creature of vanity,
 ———man!

Passion, jealousy, greed and lust,
 Inborn in him from birth to dust!

Soul of a Judas, a traitor at heart,
 Passed is he by, as he plays his part,
 Any man, friend, when his vision is
 lost—
 Like a rudderless ship on the ocean is
 tossed;
 Drifting, dreaming, on and on,
 Whirling, twirling, a worthless pawn,
 Dying at last, in the glow of the sun,
 Nothing accomplished, nothing done.

P. G. P., '30.

E X C H A N G E S

The Authentic — Stoneham.

We like your appropriate cover.
 Your ever present variety of original
 jokes is even better than previously.
 Your class notes are also very inter-
 esting.

The Chevron — Albion, New York.

A very rich looking magazine —
 well-edited, well-arranged, and very
 neat. Your material is well-assorted
 nad very interesting. It is a pleasure
 to find such a magazine among our
 collection of exchanges.

**Wakefield High School Booster —
 Wakefield**

Your paper shows "pep" and plenty
 of school spirit. We wish you success
 in your next issues!

The Partridge — Duxbury, Mass.

A commendable little paper, but
 lacking in jokes. Why not include
 some in your next issue?

The Blue Owl — Attleboro, Mass.

Very good editorials. You have a
 well-balanced literary section, and
 your School Notes are excellent!

**The Jabberwock — Girl's Latin, Bos-
 ton.**

Although your stories, athletic write-
 ups, editorials, and other departments
 are very good, you lack poems and
 exchanges.

The Exponent — Greenfield, Mass.

No exchanges? "School Notes" and
 "Personals" are two very deserving
 columns. Your jokes are both humor-
 ous and new.

Star of the North — Virginia, Minn.

Your last edition was well deserving of recognition.

Devertones — Dover, Mass.

Considering your size, a very neat and attractive paper, containing very interesting material.

Lawrence High School Bulletin — Lawrence.

Always a good paper. Your editorial section seems to be decreasing in value.

The Western Star — West Somerville.

Yours is sort of a clumsy magazine to handle. "Sparkles" improves in every issue.

AS WE ARE JUDGED

The Pioneer

An excellent athletic department, also a good exchange. Your cartoons were great. How about some stories and class notes? — The Authentic — Stoneham High.

The Pioneer

Your Senior number was very interesting. The drawings were exceptionally clever. Haven't you a few more poets? — School Life — Melrose.

L. C. '30.

BOOK REVIEWS

"The Happy Pirate" is a breath-taking tale of piracy and slave trafficking upon the high seas during the time of Jefferson's and Madison's presidencies. The background is historic, but this does not for a minute lower the rapid and exciting pace of the story. The reader moves hurriedly from one vivid scene to the next, thrilling over the encounters with the pirates, enjoying a trip on a slaver to the Gold Coast, or relieved by the hero's escape from a British squadron. The book is vivid, alive; anyone who likes adventure will enjoy this recent release by Robt. W. Chambers.

Sabatini's "The Romantic Prince" is a story of long past ages. The core of the novel is the struggle for supremacy between sly, crafty Louis of France, and blunt, quick-tempered Charles of Burgundy. After the meeting of the hero, Count Anthony of Egmont, the cousin of Charles, and the heroine, Johanna Claessens, the

daughter of a wealthy Zealand burgher, the story traces the course of their turbulent love. The tale is charming, the characters, vivid personalities, and the scenes delightful. Everywhere an historical background presents itself, but never in a dull manner. If you like Sabatini, you will enjoy "The Romantic Prince."

"Mr. Billingham, the Marquis, and Madelon" is a series of connected short stories, all relating to the escapades of this trio at Monte Carlo. These three keen-witted personages undertake to fleece several over-wealthy visitors of surplus money, as well as to rescue several others from difficult predicaments in a series of stories, which to me proved only mildly interesting. While many would probably enjoy this story merely because it is one of E. Phillips Oppenheim's, I could never term it a book of gripping interest.

V. W. '30.

The Mid-night Rescue

A tickling sensation in his nostrils awoke Matt Grey. Half asleep he lay staring into the darkness. Presently his eyes began to smart and he got up in terror. He sniffed the air; there was smoke in the house.

The moon sent a shaft of light across the foot of his bed. He could see wisps of smoke.

Kicking off the bedclothes, Matt rushed for the door and a volume of black smoke rushed in. He shut the door hastily.

In a room on the floor below him slept Matt's Uncle Jed. He was not an uncle most boys would boast about, but Matt could not let him perish in the fire.

Uncle Jed had taken Matt when he was a small boy. He had given him a home and clothes although the latter were hardly worthy of that name. Uncle Jed owned the only hardware store in Ridgefield. Over this store Jed had his quarters, while Matt was obliged to sleep in the attic.

As the smoke was rapidly filling the small attic room, Matt left the door and hurried to the window. Here the boy hesitated. Then suddenly climbing out upon the sill, he reached for the drainpipe, gripped it, descended to the lean-to below, and jumped to the ground.

Scantily clad, his feet bare, Matt hurriedly tried every window of the store. Each one was securely fastened from within.

He called for help. No answer. The town slept soundly.

There was no time for delay. Picking up a brick, Matt broke a pane of glass and reaching up through the opening, unlocked the window. Lifting it he crawled through.

The room was thick with smoke but there was scarcely any heat. It was plain that the fire had started in a heap of rubbish in the back of the store.

Matt tried in vain to reach the staircase leading to his Uncle's bed room. The smoke overwhelmed him. As he staggered back to the window to breathe the fresh air, a new thought came to his dazed mind.

Sam Davis, Uncle Jed's clerk, had served in France and had come home with all his war outfit. Only yesterday he had brought his mask to the store to show it to Uncle Jed. Matt remem-

bered that Sam had left the mask under the cash desk.

Once more Matt filled his lungs with fresh air, and holding his breath, felt his way across the floor to the desk. Groping about until his hands found the mask, he picked it up and rushed to the window. He was nearly overcome, and his burning eyes filled with tears.

Somewhat revived by the cool air, he adjusted the rubber contrivance over his face. He found it hard to breathe through his mouth; the mouth-piece itself felt immense. He could hardly get his lips around it, but he kept at it until he had stuck his teeth into the bit of rubber. Then he hastened back into the house.

On the stairway the smoke was almost too much for him, but he did not falter. He stumbled up the stairs, the heat now scorching his meagre clothing. After a hard climb, he reached the top and broke into Uncle Jed's room. He found his uncle overcome from the smoke.

Soaking a towel in a wash-basin, Matt bound the wet cloth over his Uncle's mouth and nose and shook him vigorously. Jed roused himself enough to come to his feet with the boy's assistance.

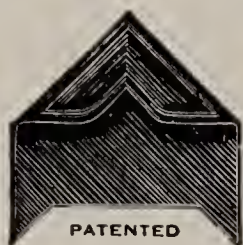
There was no exit but the smoke-filled stairway through which Matt had to take his Uncle, who was tottering on his feet and leaning heavily against Matt. Before they could reach the bottom, a clatter of glass and the sound of flying wood announced the arrival of the fire-apparatus.

The firemen had broken in the front door of the store and were ready to ply the hose on the flames, when to their great surprise, they saw a small boy come staggering out of the smoke-filled store, dragging a man.

Uncle Jed had fainted at the front of the stairs. A big crowd, gathered before the store, greeted the brave boy with lusty cheers and several men rushed forward to take Uncle Jed. Matt, as soon as he had been relieved of his burden, fell exhausted into the arms of a neighbor.

The firemen worked hard and soon had the fire put out. No great damage was done to the store and Uncle Jed was himself again after a very narrow escape; thanks to Matt's timely rescue.

M. M. '30.



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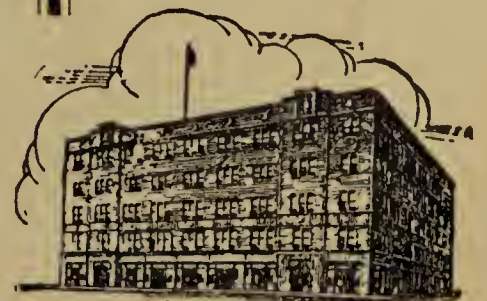
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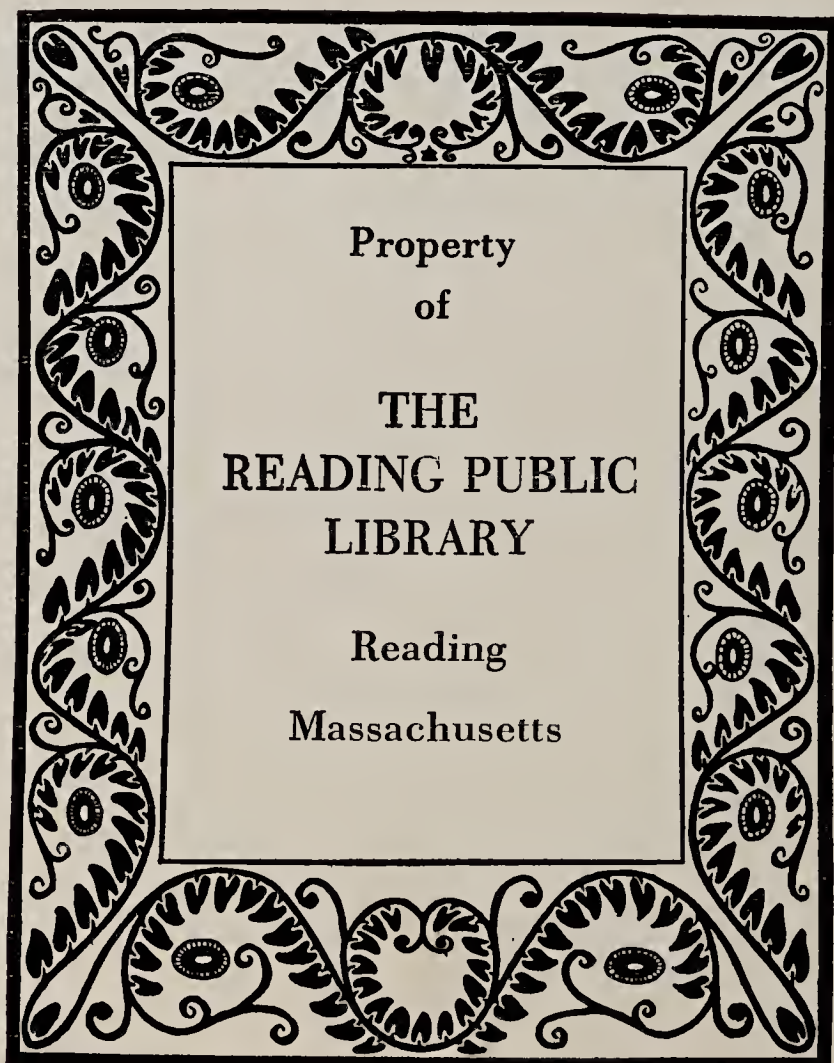
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The PIONEER

Fall Number

*The Pioneer wishes to welcome
the Sophomores and hopes that
they will find happiness in
their high school life.*

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1930

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT

WHAT'S WRONG WITH "THE PIONEER?"

Everything, apparently. Some people think the editorials are dry; some think the stories are insipid and the essays stupid; others declare that they read every joke in the magazine a year ago, while the sports!—my dear!

There is a Latin motto in our new language department which seems to fit this occasion: "Frustra laborat qui omnibus placere studet." But this paper is edited for all of you, and we must please as many of you as possible. But how can we do this if we don't know what will please you? We hear enough uncomplimentary remarks to make us worry, but most of you seem unwilling to hurt our feelings. If you'll just write a note and drop it in the Pioneer Box in the office, offering criticisms or suggestions, we won't feel a bit hurt.

Our magazine won't succeed without your whole-hearted support. By support we don't mean that you should declare loudly that the paper is perfect, when you honestly feel that it could be improved a great deal. You will be giving us your support if you read the issue carefully all through, and then offer us some impersonal criticisms.

You needn't sign your name if you are shy.

We'd like to know what you think of our two new departments, language and travel. Nearly every one of you has seen or heard of some interesting thing in another part of the country, or right around here. We'd like to hear about it too.

Your contributions are always welcome, not only because they supply us with material, but also because they show that you take an interest in your paper. Sophomores especially are invited to contribute. This will make the task of selecting candidates for the Board much easier, and will be a good way to show some of that much talked about school spirit. If you do not want to have your name published with your contributions, say so, and give a pen-name that can be used instead.

We earnestly desire to make "The Pioneer" not only a good literary production, but a magazine that you will welcome eagerly and honestly enjoy reading. We can't do this alone. Please help us.

B. J. B. '31

"NOW THAT I AM A SENIOR"

Senior! Visions of adolescent youth—visions of glorious youth, sprung over night into full bloom, gayly shouldering responsibilities which will in time test his metal. Senior—visions of humble and adoring under classmen clearing the way for the triumphant march of one who has attained this magical name. The student authority of the school—Grand Sachem of the Tribal Conclave—echoed by the assenting voices of Sophomores and Juniors. Senior—your last year, a year into

which you must pack a multitude of things that have been, until now, merely thoughts and dreams, something far ahead in the future. Now, suddenly, they are all here, have come rushing in a torrent upon you and caught you in the maelstrom.

Someone stops you, says, "Now that you're a Senior, how do you feel?" "Now that I am a Senior? Gracious, I am a Senior, am I not? Why, I guess I feel just the same as ever." You've never thought about it till now, and

the realization of all that it implies rather stuns you, doesn't it? Are you the same? Externally—yes. You still sleep like a log and your appetite is as colossal as ever; in fact, your kid sister, just turned Sophomore, observes, "It's perfectly revolting, mother dear!" Internally—no. You may not realize it, but aren't you just a bit thrilled? Isn't there some inward sense of exaltation—a certain definite feeling of joy mingled with sorrow that it is the last year, (regardless of all your past juvenile statements to the effect that you are "sick of school")? Don't you ever pinch yourself and say, "I'm a Senior at last; I'll soon be graduating—if I'm lucky!" 'Course you do. Whether you realize it or not, you do feel different; you've grown up just a little bit more, and your entire prospective on life has become a little clearer. It is, of course, possible that

you haven't changed, that you have none of these sensations, but it is most decidedly not probable.

But while you're contemplating all the certain joys of being a senior, remember that this year is the last lap of the race. Perhaps you've run a good race all along; if so you will hold the pace till you break the tape, but if you've just jogged along, now is the time for that last supreme spurt, that final and deciding effort. You can win your race if you sprint, Seniors, so concentrate your efforts on that goal ahead of you—and win! While you're planning and carrying on your senior activities, while you are experiencing all these new sensations, remember that there are three "s's" for success in school. Scholarship, School-spirit, and Socials make them yours.

B. Shay '31

This year we were very unfortunate in losing two of our favorite teachers, Mrs. Sussmann and Mr. Gates. On the faculty, to be sure, their places are taken, but not in hearts. As teachers

they were invaluable; as friends, the best. We wish them both all the success in the world, and congratulate all those who may have profited by our loss.

LITERARY DEPARTMENT

A LESSON IN THANKS

An early fall of snow had misted over the little red cottage nestled among the pines; a spiral of smoke curled from the equally red chimney up through the green and white trees standing out against the last red rays of a departing sun. It was evening. Inside the house two solitary figures were before the gleaming, warm fire. A gray haired man, seated in a shabby, deep arm chair with a book on his knees, rested his head on his fine hands and, smiling, stared into the fire. The other

occupant of the room, a slender, merry woman of about forty years, stood beside the chair and frowned over a scribbled letter which she held in one hand. "Don, have we failed? Is she still a selfish silly little minx? Should we have allowed Carrie to send her to school?"

"Why, Ellen, don't be discouraged. Read me the letter," and he patted her hand consolingly.

"Dearest Mother and Dad—

I'll be home for the Thanksgiving

holidays. I am bringing two darling girls. Please have a nice dinner and things.

Hastily,
Joan' "

"Not even 'lovingly,' Don. Isn't she horrid?—'Please have a nice dinner and things.' She knows how hard it is for us to send her clothes and an allowance, but still she expects us to do more for her 'darling girls'. Isn't she sensible yet?" and she glanced sorrowfully at her husband.

"Well, Ellen, I don't know. I'm disappointed in Joan. If I were you I'd not do a thing. Have an ordinary meal and teach her a lesson. She expects too much anyway. It's about time she learned to realize her real position," he muttered.

"Oh! Don, that would be cruel!"

"Cruel! Well, reread that letter, my dear," was the reply.

"Don! I'll do it," she resolved suddenly and tossed the offending letter in the flames.

He smiled, opened his book, and began to read, while his wife walked out of the room.

As the day drew nearer, and no preparations for it were in progress, Ellen became more and more doubtful and sorry for her hasty decision, for she herself missed the exciting bustle and stir of cooking, of planning and managing for extras; her conscience troubled her. Poor little Joan; she was young; she didn't realize how she hurt her Dad and Mother. Perhaps she was simply excited—and so passed the weeks, till the morning arrived, Thanksgiving morning, a sharp, clear, bright, late fall morning.

Ellen did her usual everyday house work, anxiously straightening pillows and books and furniture, all the while answering her husband so absentmindedly and sorrowfully that he finally suspected what was bothering her.

"Why, old girl, you're not worried about Joan, are you?" he teased.

"Yes, I am," she admitted defiantly, "and I think we ought to be ashamed of ourselves, I really do!"

"Well, you're bound to do it anyway, I 'spose,—go ahead and brown up that turkey I bought this morning. It's on the kitchen table." And with an unfathomable grin, he strolled out.

"Don! you did"—and with quick, impatient, and yet deft fingers she tore off the wrappings from the huge bird, and round, too, in the ample bundle, other goodies suitable to the day.

What busy preparations went on in the little house then! Finally, when the ramshackle old Ford stopped protestingly before the door, a happy pair awaited the three young ladies.

"Mother! Dad! oh golly, I'm so happy to be home! Isn't it great! The pines and everything.—" With an ecstatic hug to each of her parents, she darted into the house, from which she emerged a few seconds later, the delighted squeals of a puppy mingling with those of a girl. Introductions were arranged in a pleasingly careless way, and Joan's friends wandered about in an altogether delightfully homelike atmosphere.

After a typical Thanksgiving meal—everything imaginable—the five settled about the fire.

"Glad to be home, honey?" asked the father, who smiled indulgently at his wife at the sincere reply he received.

"Absolutely, Dad—oh wait. I forgot. Here's just a little something. I saved up my extra pocket-money—" and two or three packages, which were found to contain delightful gifts, were tossed to each, while Joan watched, excited and happy.

"Be nonchalant, Joan," laughed her father. And so the evening went on, until three young, sleepy heads fell contentedly on downy pillows.

"Happy, Ellen?" asked Don, as he sat beside his wife on the cozy davenport.

"Oh, Don, so happy and satisfied and glad. She has changed so, since her letter. We ought to give thanks for having Joan." And so they did.

ARISTOCRAT

Chapter I: Two Notes

"I can't imagine what's become of Judith." Mrs. Randolph looked anxiously around the brilliant ball-room. It was the occasion of the governor's reception at Williamsburg in honor of the meeting of the House of Burgesses, to which Mr. Randolph had belonged for many years.

He was an easy-going Virginian planter, a descendant of a Cavalier. His voice was irritatingly calm as he answered his wife. "Judith? Oh, she's all right. I think I saw her with that blond mustache, what's his name."

"Andrew Bixby? Gregory, I wish you'd speak to her. That young man has an awful reputation. Just a little while ago I saw him stagger, and Judith has been dancing with him so much that everyone is noticing it.

"I don't know what's come over Judith. I wanted her to make a match with Kingston. They are our third cousins, very wealthy, and he is a splendid boy."

Mr. Randolph chuckled. "I guess Judith would have been willing enough, but Kingston didn't seem enthusiastic. He was quite put out when he found that we hadn't brought Allie. There's a match for you."

"Why, Gregory, what are you talking about? Alice is only a child, certainly too young to bring up here to a ball. And she's so boisterous. Anyhow, she doesn't like ruffles, and laces, and teas. She said so."

"She likes Kingston, though, and she likes to dance. It seems to me you took Judith to a ball when she was only twelve."

His wife turned a contemptuous shoulder, her eyes once more searching the shifting throng composed of the cream of society. She espied a servant coming toward her, and waited for him wonderingly. Opening the note he gave her; she read it, gave a little shriek, and had to be supported by her husband who read,

"Dear Mother,

I have eloped with Andrew Bixby. We are going on our honey-moon.

Love

Judith."

A group of consoling women surrounded Mrs. Randolph, who was now sobbing hysterically. A second messenger approached, and Mr. Randolph took the letter with a premonition of disaster. He had to read it twice before its significance reached him.

"Alice has disappeared. No one has seen her since the morning of your departure. We believe that she must have gone away on the London ship which took your tobacco cargo. We have searched everywhere; the entire house, the woods, the river, and the neighborhood have been gone over with utmost care, and we have been forced to come to this unwelcome conclusion.

Respectfully,

Adalia Grey."

Snatching the governess's letter from her husband's nerveless hand, Mrs. Randolph read it, and quietly fainted.

Chapter II: Stowaway

"Looks like a squall," the mate observed.

"Yes." Captain Manning studied the overcast sky uneasily. He began giving orders in his crisp, firm voice.

A sailor approached a heap of tarpaulin, intending to pick it up. But as he reached out his hands, the cloth moved. Startled, he rubbed his eyes, and tentatively touched the heap. It moved again, then seemed to rise slowly in the air. Panic stricken, the sailor fled down the deck. Cornered by the mate, he stammered out that there was a huge animal, probably a bear, under the canvas.

Laughing a little, but holding his pistol in readiness, the mate poked the suspicious cloth with his foot. It moved, and bending over, he lifted the edge cautiously. "Gog and Magog," he exclaimed in amazement. "What have we here?"

The sailor, who had been standing

ready to jump over the rail if the beast should prove formidable, approached and peered timidly over the mate's shoulder. Lying curled up beneath the heavy covering was a girl, her red-gold hair tangled, her blue-green eyes still clouded with recently disturbed sleep. She blinked up at the two staring men.

"Why, it's Alice Randolph! But what are you doing here, child? I thought you went to Williamsburg with your family this morning."

Alice sat up, her eyebrows drawing together in a frown, her lips protruding in a pout. "They wouldn't take me because I'm too young! Well, I'll show them. I'll go to London and be all the rage. Then they'll be sorry."

The mate, who had no sisters, and was a bachelor, looked at her in perplexity. "But think how worried your mother and father will be. It's no end a nuisance to have to turn around and take you home. You should have known better," he added with a burst of irritation.

"Mother won't care. She thinks I'm a tomboy and haven't any manners. Father—" a little choke, for father was her champion. "Anyhow, it won't do any good for you to turn around, 'cause if you try to make me go home, I'll jump in the water and drown. I will!"

She rushed to the rail, and was climbing over, when the mate dragged her away. He shook her violently. "What you need is a good spanking, and I've a mind to give you one."

"Here, here, what's going on? Why Alice! How did you get here?"

The mate explained resentfully, and the captain looked thoughtful. "Take her below to my cabin and lock her in," he said to the sailor, who muttered, "Aye, aye, sir," and marched the subdued child down the deck.

"This is a bad business," said the captain, frowning. "We can't turn about now, or we'll be heading right into the gale. But the farther we go, the longer it'll take to return, and return we must, or we'll have a law suit on our hands, for kidnapping."

"The devil take all crazy women," muttered the disgusted mate.

"Ship to starboard," called the lookout. "Looks from here like a pirate brig."

"Pirates!" The two men looked at each other, and their faces were a little white. Even in the first half of the eighteenth century an occasional pirate terrorized the seas for several months before he was caught. The merchant ship, though it had a cannon, was no match for a pirate horde. The seas had been so peaceful lately that they had been lulled into a false security. They could not run away; the smaller ship was much the fleeter. The only thing to do was to keep on their course, hoping for the best possible outcome of a suddenly tragic situation.

"I'm an old sea-dog, and used to danger," thought the captain, giving orders right and left, "but Heaven help the girl if we're caught."

Chapter III: A Jolly Old Rover

Locked in the captain's cabin, Alice did not understand the meaning of the sudden bustle, the running feet, the voices raised in sharp command, and the increased speed of the ship. She knew that they had not changed their course, and wondered what it was all about, until, kneeling at the door and peering through the keyhole, she heard one sailor say to another, "They're pirates all right, flying the skull and cross-bones. We're in for a fight, and a good one."

At first, Alice was delighted at the thought of real pirates, a battle, "n'ev'rything," but on sober reflection she began to regret her impetuosity, and wish that she were safe at home. Adventure was rather terrifying at too close quarters.

The battle did not last long. One cannon was almost helpless against the pirate array, and once boarded, the ship was lost. The sailors fought valiantly with any weapons that came to hand, but they were unskilled, while the huge creatures, carrying cutlasses in their teeth, had been trained in this bloody work.

The captain, the mate, and three sailors, all helpless prisoners, were the only ones left after half an hour, and only two pirates were dead. Bundling their prisoners into their own ship, the pirates set to work to loot the merchantman of its rich goods, its gold and silver.

Looking for wine, the pirate chief, a horrible looking villian, his cutlass dripping, went to the captain's cabin and found it locked. It did not take more than two lunges to break down the door. And there, crouching in a corner, eyes wide with terror, was a girl.

"Well, well, a nice ransom waiting for me," he leered. As he bent to touch her, she suddenly sprang up, and, with fury in her every movement, lashed out wildly. Her fingernails left bloody trac-

es across his cheek, and she blacked his eye neatly.

A cold and deadly anger replaced his former delight. "A spit-fire, are you. Well, I know how to treat them." He seized her by the elbows, holding her helpless in his vice-like grasp. Then with a terrible deliberation he picked her up and banged her head violently against the wall.

"Scratch me, would you." He drew a delicate line of red across her white face with the point of his cutlass. Then, laughing, he picked up the unconscious girl and threw her across his shoulder. Still laughing, he strode out of the cabin.

TO BE CONTINUED

B. J. B. '31

THE COTTAGE BY THE SEA

There is a little cottage by the sea, where the waves dash high and fill the air with flying spray. There are flowers around the door step and guarding the path leading down to the sea. There holly-hocks and the smiling faces of pansies greet you.

There is a dear old lady with hair of silver and eyes that, though they smile at you, hold in them a sadness. On stormy nights, the big light out on the point flashes its warning to ships at sea, telling them of the sharp teeth of the reef, hidden from the sight of the sailors. There many a ship has gone to her grave, leaving the wild cries of the doomed ringing in your ears. You will see a light shining in her window. She is there too with pale cheeks and eyes dimmed by unshed tears.

Not long ago there was a bad storm, and the light flashed a sharp warning. The angry waves out on the reef, foamy and high, revealed now and then the black jagged rocks. That night a disabled ship, helpless in such a sea, was

caught on the reef and sent up rockets pleading for help. She lurched and then, as if exhausted, hurled her last rocket in the air. She went down, the sea claiming its prey once more.

Men on shore were trying frantically to launch a boat but finding it impossible, gave up in despair. A mother, standing on the shore, eyes wide with fear, on her lips a prayer, ghost like in her pallor, screamed when the ship went down.

A young boy was on the ship, a sailor coming home at last after long years of travel. The golden heart is broken with the loss of her dear one. Slowly she walks back to her home. The flowers at her doorstep are not so bright now. The pansies seem to droop. So when she watches the sea with shadowed eyes, she is thinking of a curly headed little boy with eyes of blue who used to nestle in her arms at twilight, and be sung softly to sleep. Those are her dreams.

E. H. '33



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MS 50

THE FIRST THANKSGIVING

It was with thankful hearts that the early colonists of 1621 looked at their well filled store-houses. It hardly seemed possible that order and plenty could come out of such misery as they had endured. The memory of previous days full of sickness, the dread of savages, and the want for food was never to be forgotten. God had been good, and it was with joyful and thankful hearts that these courageous settlers listened to the elder announce Governor Bradford's first Thanksgiving proclamation.

The announcement was made on a Sunday morning of early November. The country was still very beautiful with its autumn colors. Every heart was warm and thankful for the week of holiday and festivity that was to be theirs.

Great excitement ensued when on Monday morning the colonists made ready for their harvest festival. Four or five men were held responsible for the game and fowl, while others were appointed to fish, and dig clams. Priscilla Mullins prepared many of the cakes and delicacies, as she was considered an exceptional cook. The women were all busy in the huts over baking pans and ash ovens. Such tempting odors had never blessed the air that came from the different huts.

Being always ready to share with others, the colonists sent an invitation by Squanto to King Massasoit and his tribe to be their guests at the feast.

At last the feast was prepared, and everyone appeared in his very best

clothes. More colors were used in their dresses than had ever been used before.

One table was set in the common-house, while the others were set out in the open. They began the festival by praying and thanking God for all that he had given them. Then they all deposited their corn by dropping it in a large basket festooned with many gay colors. Afterwards several men piled the corn in the store-house. They then formed a half circle around the granary and held a religious service.

After all the food had been taken steaming hot from the huts and placed on the tables, the word was given to enter. The tables were filled with most tempting foods. Turkeys stuffed with beechnuts proved a rare success.

Following the dinner games were played in which the Indians contested. The festival lasted the rest of the week. The savages hunted through the woods so diligently that they returned with five deer. These days of entertainment won the confidence of the savage guests completely.

It was with a very sorrowful heart that King Massasoit and his braves said good-bye to the Governor, for they had never had so much to eat in all their lives.

The common-house which had been the scene of the activities was closed and deserted. The Colonists sought the seclusion of their huts and peace and contentment reigned in the clearings.

J. E. '31

ELEPHANTS AND MORE ELEPHANTS

One of my several hobbies is collecting elephants (not alive, you understand.) It is a fascinating hobby if you like elephants as much as I do. My very gayest elephant is "Piccadilly Circus", so called because he hails from London. He is a squarish plaster fel-

low with jolly painted trappings, and match-like tusks and tail. He graces the top shelf of the wall book case which hangs over my desk, while on the desk itself reposes "Shelley", a serious minded (or so he looks) bronze elephant whose only excuse for being

is the tiny, inadequate red pencil which is attached to one leg by a red cord. On the top of a chest of drawers in my room are more of my elephant family, including two black iron elephants, called the "Ethiopian Twins", because of their color and similarity; a brown china mother elephant followed by her three children, one of whom is sitting on his hind legs (the lazy thing); and a jaunty brass elephant also on his hind legs. Besides these there are a large, bluish-grey china elephant who stalks along near the wall, and an unusual bone elephant from Japan, exquisitely carved, and mounted on a

black wooden base. Then there is a silver cigarette box (not used as such) on the cover of which is mounted a striking group consisting of a silver elephant battling with two ferocious silver tigers. And last (but not least, as one might gather from his name) is "The Least One", so called because he is the smallest of my elephants, who is carved from mottled pink soap stone, and is one of my pets. I wear him around my neck on a gold cord. Such is my elephant family. May it increase rapidly!

J. M. '31

A LETTER FROM MR. GATES

801 E. River Road,
Minneapolis, Minn.
Oct. 18, 1930.

R. H. S.
Dear folks—

A threat to have my correspondence published almost scares me out of writing. It's so easy to make mistakes in spelling, geography, or algebra. You know, I always thought correspondences weren't published until the author was dead and gone.

Well, anyway, I drove out here in the lizzie—I didn't lose any spark plugs or mufflers or anything (that is, anything of consequence; I haven't checked on the spare parts yet, but there are several left over). After I got out here, I went to bed for a few days—a bad cold!—and then I was all right.

All well-regulated expositions on Minnesota make reference to the weather in the second paragraph or so, but I am hesitant because I don't know what to say. Perhaps you'd say I'm speechless—that's the way the weather affects one for a while. I came back from a football game this afternoon, and was obliged to limber up my facial expression for several minutes before it would say things for me. And last week folks were sitting in the cheering section in shirt-sleeves, with the mercury hanging in the 70's. Figure it out.

I don't really think you'd be terribly excited to see me on the job out here.

I just trot around the classes and libraries with a brief-case full of stuff—getting ready to do something, so it seems. I do have a nice **new** brief case though—the juniors gave it to me. It would strike you funny the way people go to classes in college. I meet the sections in Modern Europe twice a week, and one of my courses meets one afternoon a week. It's hard in a way, because folks are apt to forget by Friday the larger part of what they learned on Tuesday. I still get quite a kick out of teaching, though you get rusty when you have only four hours a week. But for all that there's enough work to be done to keep me busy twenty-four hours a day.

The campus is quite a place. You can imagine a little of the hurry and bustle if you think that there are something over ten thousand people enrolled, and about half of them are roaming the streets day or night. Cars parked everywhere, and more are waiting to pick you right off the curb if you don't watch out. And as for trying to take a street car from anywhere to anywhere—especially in the morning in the vicinity of campus—well, you might as well walk.

Minneapolis, for a city, is as nice as

any I've been in. It's not too large and not too small. It's the kind that has people who build nice houses right in the city instead of running out to one of a ring of suburban towns to live. There are several lakes and lots of parks and open spaces right within city limits. Sometimes in driving across the city, you feel as though you're in an unending suburban district instead of being in a big city. You would have smiled to see me roaming around (with a map tagged to the steering wheel) trying to get a few main streets pointed in the right direction.

I suppose I could ramble on some more, but it wouldn't be very profitable. I often think of you folks in R. H. S. I do hope you Seniors study just a little harder for Mr. Dixon than you did for me—but probably he takes care of that.

And of course it goes without saying

that this year's football season, operetta and association festivities will be the best ever. Make sure, though, when you get your pictures taken this year, that you don't play dominoes on the scaffolding—it wouldn't be so nice.

The best of good wishes for a prosperous season.

Sincerely,

Charles A. Gates

P. S. I really should have a copy of this Pioneer, shouldn't I? And I want to know how good a lawyer Mr. Aldred has turned out to be.

C. A. G.

(Editor's note: We are very grateful to Mr. Gates for writing, and we assure any inquiring pupils that he has received a copy of this issue with our compliments.)

BOOK REVIEWS

After reading several very favorable reviews of Marc Connelly's play, "Green Pastures", I was very eager to read it for myself. I can't say that I was disappointed; it was about what I had been led to expect. I honestly do not think that there is anything blasphemous or sacrilegious in the whole play in spite of the fact that the Puritans would have held up their hands

in horror. The contrast between the negro's idea of heaven as here represented and Dane's idea as revealed in the "Inferno" is overwhelming, and in some ways I prefer the negro conception. But the play lacks sublimity, save at the end, where there is a touch that seems to raise it above just a different and rather amusing study of the Old Testament. I recommend this play. I think you'll like it.

Of all the plays I have read for my book reports—for I am addicted to that type of non-fiction—Maurice Maeterlinck's "Blue Bird" stands out as one of the most delightful. The author is a Belgian poet and philosopher, and his play is very different from any

English play I have read. It is fanciful and faery-like but not frivolously so. The descriptions are exquisite, while the personification of inanimate objects, such as water, bread, and sugar, lends a touch of delicate humor; yet the play has a serious purpose, and "more is meant than meets the ear."

"The Chartreuse of Parma" by Stendhal is a classical novel actually known to comparatively few outside of France because of its lack of English translation. The scene is laid in Italy in the days of Napoleon. The leading character, Fabrizio del Dongo, is still worshipped at Napoleon's shrine, although

his family was on the Austrians' side. After Napoleon escaped from Elba, Fabrizio joined the Emperor's army and took part in the battle of Waterloo. The swift course of events later sent him back to Italy, where at Parma his fortunes won for him court favor and then imprisonment. Almost anyone would find the book very interesting.

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT

"O wad some Power the giftie gie us
To see ourselves as ithers see us!"
—Burns

As we see others.

"Lawrence High School Bulletin", Lawrence, Massachusetts. Why did you change your cover? Your other was so unique. The material inside was very good, and "Gossip" was spicy as usual.

"Chevion", Albion, N. Y. A very fine issue as it always is. You have a splendid poem section, and your cuts are the cleverest I have ever seen. Each magazine is "bigger and better than ever."

"The Aegis", Beverly, Mass. Where are your poems? I would suggest a joke column with a few more jokes. Your science column is good.

Traffic Cop: "Miss, you were doing sixty miles an hour."

Ina Bergquist: "Oh goodie! And I only learned to drive yesterday."

Miss E.—"I'll have to give you a zero today."

Lat. IV Boy—"Well, that means nothing in my young life."

Critic: "When I look at one of your paintings, I stand and wonder—"

Artist: "How I do it?"

Critic: "No; why you do it."

"School Life", Melrose, Mass. A fine poem section. A few pictures would spice up the magazine, but it is very interesting as it is.

As others see us:

"The Pioneer", Reading, Mass. The essays are much better than the stories. The letter from Margaret Guild was very interesting. The novels in the book reviews are described so as to make us resolve to read them.

"The Aegis", Beverly, Mass.

"The Pioneer", Reading, Mass. It is nice to have so many pictures. Could you have a few more poems and short stories?

"School Life", Melrose, Mass.

The exchanges that came in the summer have been mislaid, but we want to thank any school that sent a magazine that hasn't been commented on in this issue. We hope we will discover their hiding place.

"Yes, I used to shoot tigers in Africa," said Dick Goddard.

"Nonsense!" exclaimed Mr. Pope.

"There are no tigers in Africa."

"Granted—I shot them all."

Mr. Halpin: "Well, madam, if you want my honest opinion—"

Anxious Mother: "No, no. Your professional advice."

"I must marry your daughter. I can't live without her."

"Take her. I can't live with her."

TRAVEL DEPARTMENT

WITH MISS PRATT IN EUROPE

What an exciting day July 22 was for Miss Pratt when she sailed for the Old World on a Gilley traveling scholarship! She had a long itinerary and in our short, hurried interview she could only tell me about the most interesting places visited. Her first night in a foreign land was at the charming little English town of Chester, with its quaint coffee-houses, arcades, and Roman ruins. So loath was she to leave, that the next morning she missed her train, walking on the wall which the mighty Caesar built.

In and around London she took many interesting trips, including one to the West End with its places of interest, chief among these Westminster Abbey, and an all day trip to the Shakespeare country with its picturesque hamlets, and to the castles Kenilworth and Warwick.

Her channel-crossing was rather rough just before reaching Dieppe, but nothing disastrous occurred. She spent her first few days on the continent at Rouen, from which she took various excursions; then to the enchanting city of Paris! She visited the magnificent palace of Versailles, various chateaux, convents, but scarcely a tithe of the attractions which are set in a bewildering array to tempt travelers.

The fishing-port, La Rochelle, offers a very pretty sight; all the little boats have colored sails. Miss Pratt was not particularly fond of this place as it was very crowded, and because she had to eat fish all the time. When she went to L'île de Re, she was placed on a boat where one half was occupied by noisy animals and the other half by unfortunates like herself. This is a sad spot, for the houses are all of dingy cement, and there is a huge prison

there.

The next point of interest was at the porcelain factory at Limoges; then up she climbed to a tiny mountain hamlet, Rocamadour. The legend is that Zacchius, after leaving Palestine, settled on this hill. Every Frenchman is supposed to make a pilgrimage once in his lifetime to the convent in the village. Various trips were made to caves and grottoes in the vicinity before going to the famous walled city, Carcassone. Thence she went on to Nimes with its monuments of Roman civilization. How disappointed she was when, wishing to visit the renowned arena on a Sunday afternoon, she was told that the gates were closed that day because a teachers' association was staging a bull fight there! Les Baux is another little mountain hamlet with just two roads cut out of the very rock—an eerie place.

Avignon, with its Palace of the Popes was very fascinating, as was Nice with its promenades and excursions. One of these was to Monte-Carlo (and I am glad to state that our respected teacher did not try her luck at gambling), while another was to Grasse, where the perfume and candied fruit factories are.

Grenoble was very quiet as the Assumption Day feast was going on. Besaucou, Strasbourg, Heidelberg, and Mainz were all very interesting, and from all these cities she took various excursions to points of interest—Dique and St. Odile, for example. Then came the glorious trip down the Rhine, that legend-laden river whose banks are castle-laden. She spent a week at Banges, visiting all the points of interest including the "convent de la Retraite du Sacre Coeur," originally

"Prinzenhoff." On one of her various excursions she went to Zeebrugge where the remains of the German dugouts can be seen.

After saying a last goodbye to Lon-

don, Miss Pratt went to Liverpool and arrived at Boston September 7 on the *Brittanic*,—rather tired but with memories of a glorious summer.

P. L. '31

Yellowstone Park
July 3, 1930

Dear Coach:

We are seeing the United States first. There is more country to cross than appears on any map. So far Yellowstone Park is the most scenic and most beautiful place of all the trip.

We left Reading on the morning of June 21st in a second hand Chevrolet Cabrolet purchased especially for the trip. Following the Mohawk Trail, we arrived in Albany, where we spent the night with relatives. From there we were on our own till we reached California, our westward destination.

Toward evening of the next day we found a place to pitch the pup tent for the night. During the night an unexpected thunderstorm arose, and most of our clothes were drenched. The next day was very eventful, for we saw the paradise for the honeymooners and then crossed into Canada. Most people think Canada is quite different from the United States. It may be in language and prohibition, but not in appearance or customs. The farms are well kept and prosperous looking.

We drove through Canada on a warm day and stopped at a farm house for milk, but the French-Canuck did not have any on hand. The "as you use it" method, which is one way of keeping milk fresh without refrigeration, was applied to cow.

That night in Winsor, Canada, another shower moistened the tent and occupants, making the score two up with Jupiter in the lead. The next morning we crossed one of the world's largest bridges, which is between Canada and the United States, and had the pleasure of unpacking for Uncle Sam's well-trained liquor detectors.

That afternoon we arrived at the city that is known for its notorious gunmen. It is really a beautiful place on the southern shore of Lake Michigan

but is almost as difficult to find one's way around in as Boston. From the city hall we drove thirty-four miles and were still in the city limits.

After passing this city we camped a little beyond Elgin, Illinois, in a cow pasture. In the morning we were greeted most amazingly by some of the more curious bovine. After breakfast we started for another day's journey. We crossed the Mississippi at about noon entering the plains so that there was nothing much to see except the rolling hills. We decided to drive all night that night, so much country was covered between sunset and sunrise.

Two more days' driving was very monotonous but after we reached Buffalo, Wyoming, we saw the snow capped irregular profile of the Rocky Mountains. The first pass that we had to climb was 10,000 feet and the road went up steadily for forty miles. At the top of the pass there were a few patches of snow, and we waited while a herder passed his sheep across the road.

We passed Cody, Wyoming, and went up the Shoshone Canyon. In this canyon there is a large cement dam, 328 feet high, 108 feet wide, backing up a lake ten miles long. There are high mountains on each side of the canyon, and it is said to be the most scenic seventy miles in the world.

That afternoon we entered Yellowstone Park via the East Entrance and stayed at the Fishing Bridge Camp. There were plenty of bears around there and large ones, too. The bears all seem to love garbage and honey. The garbage cans are built upon a platform and the bears take the privilege of inspecting each can. There is a man hired to follow every bear that comes into camp and pick up the cans after the bear has finished. This collecting is all he does, but he is kept busy.

July 1st we went fishing. The large mountain trout could easily be seen swimming around in the water but would not bite. Everyone else around us was catching fish, but we had no fish story to tell. To our disgust we found that the fish would not bite without a leader on the line.

July 2nd we left to explore the park. First we went to the Canyon of the Colorado and the mud geysers. The mud geysers were very hot and gave off a strong sulphuric odor. Next we climbed Mt. Washburn (11,000) ft. in low gear. The road was nine miles long and more than once we thought the car a Stanley Steamer. On gaining the top, the surrounding country was visible for miles around and many snow capped mountains were to be seen.

We descended the peak and saw the Morris geyser basin. It being late in the afternoon, we went to the Old Faithful Camp where we stayed for two days. There we watched many eruptions of Old Faithful which spouted every 68 minutes. We also visited the Upper and Lower Geyser Basins and were tempted into the geyser fed swimming tank. There were three tanks with the water ranging from hot to warm as it passes through the tanks.

This morning we have just broken camp and are bound for Salt Lake City. It is now nine o'clock, and we must be on our way again. Will write again soon.

(To be continued)

G. S. '31

VENICE

Venice, the romantic city of canals, first appears to us as a group of old stone buildings set right down on the water. From the train we proceed to a gondola which is waiting at the steps in front of the station. The gondolier pushes off. We make ourselves comfortable for a very slow ride. At each Canal the gondola gives a loud sound of warning and the long slim gondola slowly turns and moves along up a long narrow canal until we see before us a magnificent canal. It is the Grand Canal. Along the Grand Canal we go, under the famous Rialto Bridge, at the end of which is where Shylock is supposed to have lived. Proceeding along the Grand Canal we see old palaces of many notable people. Lord Byron spent the last years of his life in one of them. Now we see approaching us the street cars of Venice, which are

small steam boats making regular stops along the Grand Canal. These boats are doing much damage in Venice, for Venice is a city built of wooden piles driven in the bottom of the seas and the wake of these steamers is loosening the piles which will eventually make them give way and will wreck the beautiful palaces. In the distance the canal widens and we see the Lido. But more interesting than that is the famous square of Venice with St. Mark's and the Doge's Palace. The small square would take more than a day to see. After the Doge's palace we see the famous Bridge of Sighs, connecting the palace with the prison. In the evening about eleven o'clock we must go out on the Grand Canal in a gondola and listen to the serenades. The moon is full, casting shadows on the surrounding palaces as we sit in our gondola and dream of the gay times that this old city has seen.

L. B. '31

LANGUAGE DEPARTMENT

LATIN

Some people consider Latin a language of the past, but it is far from being dead. Not only is Latin needed by doctors, ministers, and lawyers, but also by everyone who wishes to be better informed in every walk of life.

Up the steep incline of the Capitoline came many people to see the statue which had just been finished by a famous sculptor. The connoisseurs, examining the fine marble closely, said to each other "sine cera" (without wax). Then "sine cera" came to be used in regard to everything done without fraud, and from these two words comes our English word "sincere". Thus are derived a large per cent of our English words which are so much more interesting to us if we know how they came to be used.

Then, too, we are much more sat-

isfied if we know the meanings of those Latin phrases which we are constantly meeting. Take for example, the motto of the American Legion—"As God was with our fathers, so may He be with us." Many of these are often quoted. Try to understand the following Latin proverbs, maxims, and words.

"Ab urbe condita."

"Alma mater."

"Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori."

"Dum vivimus, vivamus."

"Fudes Punica."

Frustra laborat qui omnibus placere studet."

"Labor omnia vincit."

"Humanum est errare."

"Poeta nascitur, non fit."

"Verbum sat sapienti."

J. R. '31

FRENCH

ARIETTES OUBLIEES

Il pleure dans mon coeur
Comme il pleut sur la ville,
Quelle est cette langueur
Qui penetre mon coeur?

O bruit doux de la pluie
Par terre et sur les toits
Pour un coeur qui s'ennuie
O le chant de la pluie!

Il pleure sans raisons
Dans ce coeur qui s'ecoeure
Quoi nulle trahison?
Ce deuil est sans raisons.

C'est bien la pire peine
De ne savoir pourquoi,
Sans amour et sans haine
Mon coeur a tant de peine.

x x x x

Le ciel est par-dessus le toit,
Si bleu, si calme.
Un arbre, par-dessus le toit.
Berce sa palme.

La cloche, dans les cieux qu'on voit
Doucement tinte.
Un oiseau sur l'arbre qu'on voit
Chante sa plainte.

Mon Dieu, mon Dieu, la vie est la,
Simple, est tranquille
Cette paisible rumeur-la
Vient de la ville.

Qu'as-tu fait, o toi que voila
Pleurant sans cesse,
Dis, qu'a-tu fait, toi que voila,
De ta jeunesse?
Ce poeme est choisi de "Ariettes
Oubliees" de Paul Verlaine. Verlaine

avait une vie tres interessante. Ne a Metz en 1844, il avait une education ordinaire. Il se maria mais lui et sa femme se separerent bientot. Par accident il tua son ami, Rimbaud, d'un coup de fusil. A cause de cela on le mit en prison. Pendant son imprisonment il ecrivit ce poeme-ci. Apres cela il mena un existence vagabond, et il mourut en 1896. Sa poesie est tres musicale et souvent triste comme ce morceau-ci.

FRENCH JOKES

Mr. Dixon: Pour quelle chose
George Washington fut-il fameux?

St. Louis: Sa memoire.

Mr. Dixon: Pourquoi pensez-vous
que sa memoire fut si importante?

St. Louis: Parcequ'on erigea un
monument a sa memoire.

Mr. Pope: C'est la loi de la gravite

qui nous tient sur la terre.

Bowers: Mais comment sommes-
nous restes sur la terre avant que la
loi fut passee?

Paul S.—J'avoue que les filles sont
plus attrayantes que les garcons.

Ches—Mais, naturellement!

Paul S.—Non, artificiellement.

GERMAN

Wir mochten wissen:

1. Warum Herr Dixon so gern so
viele Kreuze an der Tafel macht.

2. Ob Jean Marshall ihren "locker"
nicht auflassen konnte, damit wir alle
den Spiegel benutzen konnten.

3. Ob Herr Halpin sich uber seine
freundlichen Klassen in seinem Dach-
geschoss besonders freue.

4. Aus Welchem Grund die deut-
schen Klassen ein so grosses Interesse
fur Miss Dunnings Reise nach Deut-
schland haben.

5. Woher "Squeak" Marsh's Spott-
name kommt.

6. Ob Betty Shay wahrend der let-
zten funf Jahre englische Literatur und
Websters Wortherbuch auswendig ge-
lert hat.

7. Ob es Lewis Pierce zu sehr an-
strengt, seine lateinche Aufgaben vor-
zubereiten.

8. Wie viel Geld Paul Swanson und
John Dukelow einem Gut auf der
Catalina Insel schon gegeben haben.

9. Warum die "Seniors" so ent-
uscht waren, keine Witze in der
"News Review" zu finden.

L. Y. '31

B. M. '31

M. S. '31

POETRY DEPARTMENT

BEAUTY

They say I am too young to know
What beauty is. It may be so.
But is there not beauty in the breeze,
Whispering through the tall pine
trees?

They say not, so it cannot be
That there is beauty in a tree
Which, growing, reaches up to God,
Whose branch tops gently sway and
nod.

Is it not beauty that I see
That makes my heart so light and free,
Or just a golden butterfly,
Against the deep blue of the sky?

If what they say of me is so,
That I, of beauty nothing know,
Then beauty of their sort is not for
me,
Who find such beauty in field, wood,
and sea.

J. M. '31

NEW HAMPSHIRE

There's romance in New Hampshire's
hills,
There's romance in the mountain's
haze,
And romance fills the heart of every
boy and girl,
As the shadows of the twilight come
softly stealing in.
And the laughing sun goes down
With his rays of flame
Leaving wisps of soft, pink clouds

Floating in a blue, blue sky,
Leaving deepening shadows and the
cricket's song,
And sparkling stars, like the bright
eyes in angel's faces,
While the tender kiss of the evening
breeze
Whispers its dreamy song to the glis-
tening pines.

E. H. '33

GOLD

A golden sun greets a golden morn,
And spies a field of golden corn;
The leaves on the trees are colored
gold;
Goldenrod has scarce grown old;

Golden pumpkins lie on the ground;
Golden butterflies flit all around;
A golden oriole feeds her brood,
All the world's in a golden mood.

P. L. '31

plan for the collection of dues. Line-coach Howe was introduced and gave a very interesting and much-needed talk on school spirit. The cheer leaders led the school in a few cheers. Coach Fitzgerald then told us about the dance

to be given the 10th of October after the game with Stoneham. The committee for the dance was elected just before the meeting was closed by the president.

READING VS. STONEHAM

Our boys met the Stoneham warriors on the home field October 11th. Their morale was a bit shaken due to the loss of Sias. Farnum and Richards played the game of experienced football and were with team-mates who played no less strategically.

It was evident that Stoneham's knowledge of football was greater than that of our boys. However, it is a known fact that the proper handling of the pigskin is taught from the sixth grade in that town.

The opposing eleven caught quickly on to the Reading pass and executed some brilliant runs on this basis. Adzigan was usually the outstanding runner.

It was an exciting moment for Reading when Burhoe took the kick off for a brilliant run. For a moment it looked hopeful, but it was evident that the Stoneham contingent was the more powerful. The resulting score was 19-0. Another two weeks might have seen our boys in better condition.

R. M. '32

READING VICTORIOUS OVER LEXINGTON

Lady Luck was in the stands for Reading this day. The boys took advantage of all the breaks offered, and with the necessary skill, brought a strong confident Lexington team down to earth. The score stood 13-7 at the close of the game.

At the commencement of the game Lexington was represented by her second team. This proved easy going for our elusive backs, St. Louis and Richards; and when they were nearly on their eighteen yard line a substitution of Lexington's stronger material was enacted.

This, however, was entirely insufficient to stop our progress, and a series

of plays brought the spheroid over for the six points. Gerry took it over while Gale dropped a beauty for point-after.

Lexington took the ball on the kick off this time. In no time Gale intercepted a forward, which lead directly to our next rally. But there were no more touchdowns in that quarter.

By the half Reading had her total of 13 points.

After the half our team had fleet and powerful Lexington backs to contend with, who kept it on the defense.

The game, as everybody agreed, was played beautifully by both teams.

R. M. '32

GIRLS' ATHLETICS

The prominent sport for girls at the present time is field hockey. As there are not many girls out so far, no team has been chosen. It is Miss Nichols's intention to play a few outside games.

The class work consists of dancing, drill, and exercises. Miss Nichols has instituted a new system of marking: that of points and demerits.

R. C. '32

ALLEGED HUMOR

HOW THEOBALD BROUGHT HOME THE BACON

Success Story No. 1,509,736

Once upon a time there were three brothers, Anastatius, Marmaduke, and Theobald who were the three sons of a wealthy Boston banker. It came time for them to go to high school or boarding school. On this particular night when our story opens, they were hotly discussing the question in the green room of their twenty-six room suite in the Hotel Chic-Ritz. After a little silence Anastatius, the eldest, a very sophisticated, stuck up young—well any way, Anastatius finally rose and said in a very decisive tone:

"Brethren, it seems that a young man of my abilities, personality, and general worth and promise, should honor a school like Exeter with my presence." With this he left the room looking as if he was trying to balance a pole on his chin. (It was surely a wonder he did not break his neck stepping off the thick oriental rug onto the floor.)

Soon after this dramatic exit, Marmaduke, a handsome lady's man, stood up and said—

"My brother, I've heard that the young ladies that winter in Andover are simply the berries, (as a vulgar public schooler might say), so I'm making forced marches to Andover.

As soon as he was gone, the youngest one, now boiling over with rage and so mad that the tremendous pounding his pulse made, broke the \$8,000.00 crystal of his platinum wrist watch, rose and exclaimed,—

"Vulgar public schooler! Oh, I guess I don't care. You wait and see who brings home the bacon. I don't care if I have to pay \$1.50 A. A. dues. I don't care how tough those teachers are; I

don't care if a thimble full of beans cost 10 cents. You wait and see who brings home the bacon." (clap).

Three years had passed and Theobald was a senior—not an "A" student, or a great athlete but just a plain senior. However, he still held his old objective in mind—to bring home the bacon.

As it happened, the Reading-Wakefield game was to occur on the following day, and the best player was not at practice on that afternoon when he was most needed. This boy's father had a farm, and among other things he had on this farm pigs who had a peculiar habit of gaining freedom when least expected. As it happened, this certain boy on this certain day had to fix the pig pen.

The zero time came—the game started and proved to be a fight from the start. After a few minutes of play, however, an oink, a squeek, and a grunt were heard, and then from the bushes on the upper edge of the field came a big papa pig and a whole lot of mama pigs. It looked sort of tough for dear old Reading since the best player on the team owned those pigs.

It was about the middle of the last quarter while the best-player-on-Reading's-team was taking his last load of mama pigs home, and a sub. sat caressing the big papa pig so he wouldn't run away, that Theobald had an inspiration. He rushed down to where the papa pig was being caressed, tied a piece of scrimmage line around its neck, and dragged it off. Halfway up the street he met the best-man-on-Reading's-team (I've forgotten his name), and told him to hurry up and get back into the

game to make a touch down.

When the-best-etc. noticed that Theobald had come back, he, with reserved vigor, made a spectacular 98 yard run for the only touch down of the game; and just as the gun went off he gracefully landed on his face across the line

making the people think he exploded the ball.

Reading won on that famous day in history! Why? Because Theobald took home the bacon.

R. C. '32

R. H. S. IN SONGLAND

"For I am Only Human After All"—Mr. Halpin

"Betty Co-ed"—Betty Wilcox

"Little White Dove"—Ross Chapin

"Kansas City Kitty"—Kay Spencer

"I Remember You From Somewhere"—Lyman Belknap

"Wanting You"—Mrs. Sussmann

"I Love You So Much"—Paul Swanson to any girl

"After You've Gone"—Dick Gale

"Around the Corner"—Detention Room

"Go Home and Tell Your Mother"—Sophomores

"Bye Bye Blues"—Friday afternoon

"Tomorrow Is Another Day"—Lewis Pierce

"Reminiscing"—Mr. Pope

"Chant of the Jungle"—Teachers' Meeting

"Out of a Clear Blue Sky"—Mr. Dixon

"I'm Out of Breath and 'Scared to Death of You"—Miss England

"What's The Use"—of studying

"Just A Little Closer"—Next vacation

"Some of These Days"—The Sophomores will grow up

"My Mama's In Town"—Ham

"On a Blue and Moonless Night"—Night before exams

"Confessing"—Betty Scott

"Happy Feet"—Jeaniebugs

"A Big Bouquet"—Mr. Fitzgerald

"Mysterious Mose"—Mr. Howe

DEFINITIONS OF OUR STUDIES

Algebra and Geometry: Subjects which originated thousands of years ago in the subconscious mind and are still in a trance.

History: The sufferings and trials of people of past days, who, by leaving a record of their deeds, cause us to suffer with them.

Latin: A language which killed the ancient Romans, was forgotten for a while, and then was revived as a torture for us.

English: A necessary evil.

Chemistry: A subject which teaches us various substances including poisons, so that, if we wish to become angels, we can go as quickly as possible to that "Bourne from which no traveler returns."

French: A language we study so that we can make an impression when we go to a French restaurant.

Greek: A dialect used by the fruit vendors which we study as a preparation for entry into that business.

Lost: Many sophomores in or about R. H. S. on the first days of school. Finder please retie them to their mother's apron strings.

Lost: My homework paper. Return to Fred Farnum.

Found: A kiddie car near a sophomore room. Apply to "Tiny."

Found: In exploration, the third floor. For particulars of this strange country, apply to a sophomore.

"Just think, children," said the missionary. "In Africa there are six million square miles where the little boys and girls have no Sunday School. Now what should we all strive to save our money for?"

"To go to Africa," came a chorus of cheery voices.

PERCY N. SWEETSER

C - O - A - L

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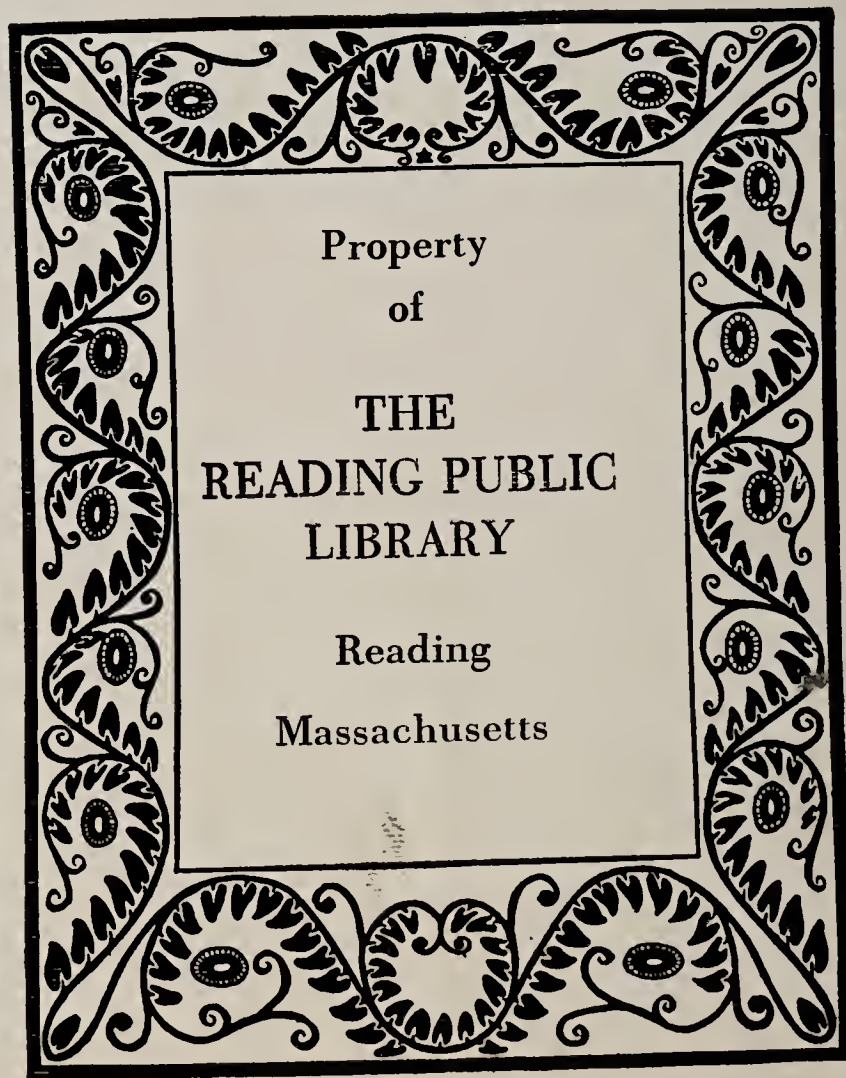
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Winter 1931

The PIONEER

Winter Number

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we dedicate this issue. May
you find much pleasure in the
remaining school year.*

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1931

EDITORIALS

THE SECOND HALF

Midyears. Thank goodness they're over. Another milestone passed. Whether that milestone has been garbed in the black of mourning, the white of success, or the gold of triumph has depended solely on us. We realize now all the things we could have and should have done. Now, more than at New Year's, we make our good resolutions, which we shall probably break as soon and as often as we have before. The spirit may be willing, but the will is weak.

For us Seniors this second half is more than just another lap in the race for knowledge; it's the home stretch! It's going to be a thrilling race from now on. College or work—for either we must have our precious diploma. Our pride and self-respect demand that we win our sheep-skin.

It's a heart-breaking, nerve-racking stretch, that last lap. As the teachers,

knowing that they must get through our heads a certain amount of knowledge, pile up the work; as the time grows shorter and shorter, and we think of all of the things we haven't done, we grow desperate. We want to cry, "Oh, what's the use?" and give up. But we won't. We'll struggle along to the bitter end and find glory there.

We'll hear the envious whispers of the underclassmen, "Lucky dogs," and will think silently, "You don't know the half of it." But we won't say it. Goodness no! We will smile in a superior sort of way and pretend that our hearts aren't thumping traitorously.

It will be worth it then. If only we can remember that, when nothing seems worth such effort. And if only we can keep those poor, broken resolutions in a presentable state of repair!

B. J. B. '31

IS HONESTY THE BEST POLICY?

"Is honesty the best policy?" is a question that people ask themselves, and one another, very frequently. Usually each person answers it for himself and lets it go at that. If his conscience is not too highly developed, he lets his policy of honesty slide along, and every now and then he slips over the line, but he gets out of that by telling himself that there are many people who do things that are worse than he does. That's perfectly all right if your conscience allows you to.

And then again there are the people that go around with too much conscience on their shoulders. They weigh and measure every thing very carefully and if there is any doubt about the hon-

esty, they drop it like fire. Those people are all right in their way, too. They usually affect the people with slacker ideals. This is not going to be a lecture on what your ideas of honesty should be however; this is just a way of satisfying your own curiosity. After each day's work is done, if you can look in a mirror at yourself, look yourself square in the eye and say, "I have been fair and square in everything I have done today." If you can do this, you will find that you can ease your mind as to whether you are honest. Try it some time and find out for yourself.

R. N. '31

STORIES

THE MASQUERADE

"Are you going to-night, Paul?" asked Dick as the two boys were crossing the campus on the night of the big ball.

"Oh! I don't know—I guess I'll be there. Are you going?"

"Sure thing. When you see a tall handsome Spaniard enter, you'll know it's your pal Dick. Do you know, Paul, I'm looking forward to a good time to-night. I wonder who'll be there. By the way, what are you wearing?"

"Don't know yet. I'll see what I can get at Unc's. I guess most anything will do. I'll see you at the ball, old scout. So long!"

Thus the boys parted. They had been the best of friends since childhood and now were attending the same college. Dick was tall and dark, with straight black hair and a "devilish" flash in his eyes. He liked a good time and when the opportunity offered made the best of it. Paul was also tall but very fair. He had a perfect marcel and deep blue eyes that kept one guessing as to the meaning of their expression.

To-night was the big dance of the season, and this year it was going to be a masquerade ball. All the boys were going, also the majority of girls from Miss Smith's Private School located in the same town.

Dick reached his room in high spirits, picked up the picture of a dashing young Spaniard, and gazed at it intently for a few minutes. "If I can make myself look as good as that, I ought to make a hit to-night."

The soft strains of music reached Dick's room as he put on his big black hat and looked once more at himself in the mirror. He certainly looked stunning, and in long black silk trousers and short bolero to match he made a very good copy of the picture. A white flowing shirt and red sash per-

fect the picture.

The ball was in full swing when a Spanish Senorita arrived. She was beautiful with her dark hair and dusky skin. Dick felt his heart miss a few beats when he saw her and was determined that she should be his partner for the rest of the evening.

Dick eventually reached the Senorita's side and asked her, in his most charming manner, if she would care to dance. She declined, but asked him if he would sit out a few dances with her and tell her about the people who were there and about the college. Dick proved very interesting and finally persuaded her to dance.

"You dance divinely Miss er—a—I guess I don't know your name," fumbled Dick.

"Just Pauline," was the sweet answer that he received.

"I could dance forever with you," Dick again whispered close to her ear. "Do you attend Miss Smith's Private School, or are you a guest of one of the faculty?"

"I am Professor MacGregor's daughter. This is the first time I've been to a college ball, and I certainly am enjoying it."

"I am glad of that and hope I shall see you again soon. Will you have some refreshments?"

He served her and finally, unable to restrain himself any longer, told her, in a husky whisper, that he had lost his heart completely. Pauline blushed a little, and they danced again.

Twelve o'clock chimed. A voice cried out, "All masks off." Dick's heart was thumping violently, for now he would see the face of his charming partner. Removing his mask he gazed into the beautiful eyes of none other than Paul.

For a few minutes the situation was somewhat strained. Then Paul ex-

plained the bet he had made with a friend that he could very easily pass as a girl that evening. He had visited a costumer's after he had left Dick that afternoon and considered the re-

sult very successful.

"It certainly was," answered Dick. "You're a knockout, Paul."

E. S. '31

WHITIE

Whitie was born on a large farm in New England, and had always had the privilege of running around the hills free as any horse could wish to be. His master was a prosperous farmer and could afford to let him play while other horses of his age were working hard in the fields.

One day something happened, and all the horses on the farm had to be sold. Whitie was then about two years old and was very wild. All the other horses sold easily, but no one seemed to want Whitie because he was so hard to manage.

Finally circus people bought him and took him with them to their circus. Here he was kept in a small stall, which seemed to him like a jail because he had been so used to the wide fields of the New England landscape. When the circus started to move, he was jerked around in the small stall until both his sides ached so that it seemed as if he would have to break the stall and jump out while the truck was moving. He was sure that the pain caused by injury in jumping out would not be so great as this.

After a while such rides as this seemed like nothing. They started to try to make him prance around to music. Men were very crazy things to this horse's mind. How foolish of them to think a horse could waltz!

He was whipped if he didn't pick up this foot just so, or if he let his head sag just a little. Sometimes they put a bit in his mouth that seemed to pull his head right off, simply because he didn't hold his head just right. This was a terrible life for a horse used to being free.

Day after day this tedious training went on. Trying to dance to the one, two, three of the music seemed impossible to Whitie. If he had to be in

the circus, why couldn't he have been chosen for the Wild West Show? He knew that was more suited for his type of horse, and besides he was sure that carrying a man and running as fast as you could would not be half as bad as this everlasting dancing.

To add to Whitie's difficulties, he was not fed half enough except when he did his steps to suit his new master. This did not happen more than once a week; so he was very hungry most of the time.

After many months of this training he was made to act before thousands and thousands of people. Whatever in the world made them make such a noise when he finished? It frightened him and made him very confused. This fright was not in vain, however, because he was given a feast when he got back to the stall. He would even be willing to go through it again for that generous feed of grain. He was still very hungry.

After this first time, there were many days when he went through his dance two or three times a day. Every time the people seemed to go wild, and every time they frightened poor Whitie.

Slowly he was beginning to love this dance. The music, one, two, three, and the applause both began to hold great charm. He could hardly wait for those men who performed before him to get out of the way. Then after the dance, the applause of the people! It was a wonderful life. He loved it with all his heart.

After ten years of this joy-giving life the circus ended. The horses were all sold, and it was his lot to go to a western farmer who lived all alone. Whitie missed the glamour of the circus and the cities. He missed the music. He never had a chance to do that

waltz any more; in fact, he never even heard music.

He had to do hard work on the farm, and sometimes it seemed as if he could not pull one foot after the other. Finally the farmer decided that he was too old to do the necessary work on the farm.

He was carried back East again, where he was sold to a milk carrier. He was again in New England, but this time he was in the city.

Here he found the glamour of the city which he had missed, but no music. He missed the music all the more now because he had the city and naturally wanted the things he associated with it. He missed everything he had come to love so much, for the city brought back memories which bothered him much more than he had ever been bothered in the West.

The work he had to do here was not hard at all, and his master was very kind to him. All he had to do was to go along the street until his driver told him to stop. Then he would wait until his driver came back and told him to go on again. He did this all day; first starting, then stopping, then starting again. The work was not hard, but by the time he got home at night he was almost too tired to eat his grain. This easy work made him very tired.

One day as he was going along, he thought he heard music. He stopped to

listen, but all he could hear was the crack of the driver's whip, telling him that he must go on.

He had hard work to finish that day. The music had a queer effect on him. All he could think of was his beloved circus life. How he longed to be back again! He would not be too old to do that waltz again!

He went on for a few more days until one morning it seemed as if he just couldn't stand up. He tried many times, but his legs just refused to hold him up. His master seemed to understand and was very kind. This kindness helped him a great deal in his trouble.

Later in the day he was put in a wagon and carried outside the city limits. The wagon seemed like a circus truck to the poor horse. He was so much revived by the time the journey ended that he was able to stand up by himself.

Suddenly he heard music. This time it was clear. Yes, it was one of those waltzes he used to dance to. Where did it come from? Well, it did not matter because it was clear and it helped him.

He did not see the five men in front of him with guns. All that mattered to him was that he could hear that familiar waltz. It was time for him to dance now. He started and went through it without a stumble. Then at the end that great applause! He heard it distinctly, but this time it had come from metal!

L. Y. '31

ARISTOCRAT

Synopsis: Judith Randolph runs away from the governor's ball at Williamsburg with a good-for-nothing scapegrace, Andrew Bixby. A message comes from the Randolph's Virginia estate that their daughter, Alice, has disappeared. She is found by the captain of the London-bound ship which had just taken her father's tobacco cargo. Alice, in a fit of childish anger at not being allowed to go to the ball, has become a stow-away, intending to visit relatives in London. But the merchant ship is captured by pirates, and Alice is held for ransom.

Chapter 4 James Carewe

The pirates set fire to the looted merchantman and then turned their attention to the prisoners. The mate and the captain went to their horrible deaths with never a murmur and were thrown to the sharks. The pirate chief then turned to the three sailors. "Well, my lads, you can take your choice. Either stay on here as good pirates, where you'll get your share of the swag and your bed and board, or else," he paused significantly.

Two of the sailors walked the plank with red-hot iron and grappling hooks

to make them dance. But the third, a lad of less than twenty, chose to throw in his lot with the pirates. He did not look like a bold, bad man. He was bronzed and had rippling muscles, but his eyes were an honest blue and his smile was warm and friendly. He did not look like a coward either—strange that he should have chosen the dishonorable way—though the clever, ingenious devices invented by the pirates for sending a man to his death were enough to sicken the stoutest heart.

But that was not the reason. As he crouched on his small, dirty bunk that night, James Carewe thought out his reasons. It was a crack-brained, daring notion which had prompted him to this action. For he wanted to save the girl, the little red headed child who had been lying in a crumpled heap where the pirate chief had dropped her while he pursued his more serious business. James did not know who the girl was, for he had been below when her presence on the ship had been discovered, but the thought of leaving her alone with the roughneck crew chilled his blood more than the thought of a dishonorable agreement with cut-throats.

Having made up his mind to save her, he watched and waited patiently for his chance. One day he found her standing by the rail. There was no one in sight, and he addressed her timidly.

"Say, Miss."

She started fearfully at his voice, but quickly regained her composure when she saw who it was. Glancing furtively around, he hurriedly whispered that he would do his best to help her escape. For a minute her face lighted up with hope but then she shook her head despairingly.

"What is your name?" he asked.

There was a strange, terrified entreaty in her eyes when she answered. "I do not know. I can't remember anything, and I am so afraid of him."

She shrank back as though a whip had cracked over her head when a harsh voice interrupted their conversation.

"So, ho! Loafing, you lazy lubber! Get to work before I give you a taste

of the cat, and keep away from my pretty rosebud, you hear?" it roared.

"Yes, sir," muttered the boy, trying to conceal the loathing in his voice. His fingers itched to dig themselves into that thick, corded neck; he wanted to gouge out those blood-shot eyeballs and stamp his feet into that leering, loose-lipped mouth. He felt sick and faint with rage when he thought of that burning liquor-soaked breath so near the girl's white face, but he controlled himself, for it was not yet time, and he knew that if the pirate ever suspected him, he would be shot without compunction or delay.

But at last his chance came. Becoming impatient at the thought of the huge ransom he would get for the girl, the pirate chief was sailing for the shore, so that he might find a means of getting the money. All his questions about her family had met with blank silence from the girl. She repeated that she did not know her name, who she was, where she came from, or whether she had a family. She had no mark of identification except a twisted gold wire on the index-finger of her left hand. It was oddly scratched, as though with a pin, but the pirate could not read the mark. He was finally forced to believe that she was telling the truth, for she was obviously so afraid of him that she would have told if she had known.

But the pirate relied on his own cleverness, which he rather admired, to gain the ransom for him, so the ship nosed her way towards the wooded shores of North Carolina.

It was a clear, moonlight night when the brig lay about a mile off-shore. The crew was having a party below deck, and had reached the most hilarious and noisy stage, when the girl heard a soft knock on her cabin door. She opened the door cautiously, and found James there.

"Come along, Miss, and be as quiet as you can," he whispered.

She followed him across the deck to a rope ladder which hung from the rail to a small boat. "I'll go first and hold it steady, then you come as quickly as you can. If you hear anyone coming, keep perfectly still. Do you under-

stand?"

She nodded mutely and he dropped over the rail. A moment later she heard his whispered, "Come on," and began to climb down the wobbly ladder. When she was safely in the boat, the boy started pulling for the shore. A large patch of moonlit water lay directly in their course, and not wanting to lose time by going around it, he rowed directly across.

Unfortunately the pirates had decided to come up for air, and staggering up on deck, they spied the boat with its two passengers. Without hesitation all those who could swim jumped over the side and started with powerful strokes after the run-a-ways. The boy pulled desperately, but in his hurry he dropped an oar into the water and in retrieving it lost valuable time. It was then that the girl showed her mettle. "Give me your knife," she commanded. With the glittering weapon in her hand, she waited. Not until a hairy hand caught the stern of the boat, and a pirate's head appeared, dripping like some sea-monster, did she move. Then coolly, and with startling suddenness, she slashed his wrist with the knife. With a howl of pain, the pirate dropped back into the water, reddening it with his blood. The boat pulled into the shadows again, and before the discomfited pirates could recover, it was lost in the darkness.

When the boy and girl reached the shore, they hid the boat in a thicket and started through the trackless forest. The moon which had betrayed them was now their friend and revealed the stumps and hanging branches waiting to trip them up. The stillness of the forest, accentuated by a thousand night sounds, terrified the girl, but she trudged on sturdily after her guide.

The next day they reached a small town, where they procured horses for the trip. James had an unerring sense of direction, and after several days of hard travelling, with but little rest at miserable taverns, they reached a small village half-way up a mountain. This was James's home, which he had left to visit his mother's family across the sea. The tall gaunt people of the moun-

tains looked with wonder and admiration at this fragile girl who had come into their midst. Margaret, as they called her, was worn and thin, but under their kindly if rather rough care, she grew tall and stronger. Her skin bronzed, but her beautiful red hair and her gray-green eyes did not change. She wore buckskin, braided her hair and went bare-foot like the other girls, but her hands were small and dainty and her head was poised in a way that was at once their envy and their scorn. So she grew to womanhood, a mystery and a delight to her adopted family, and loved most of all by her rescuer.

Chapter 5: The Governor's Ball

Mrs. Markington gazed at herself approvingly in the mirror of her dressing table. She glittered with gems, and evidences of great wealth were everywhere. Dreamily she let her mind wander back through the long years. What a romantic fool she had been so long ago when she ran away with Andrew Bixby. Her mother and father had been killed by a falling tree which crushed the carriage in which they were returning to their plantation to search for their lost daughter, Alice. When Andrew, the worthless scamp, had spent all her money in gambling and drinking and had got himself killed in a drunken brawl, her cousins had taken her in with many an "I-told-you-so" and had married her off to a wealthy planter. Markington was old and ugly, but he had plenty of money, and his wife had decided that money was the only thing worth having, so here she was with everything her heart could desire.

She turned, smiling, as her husband entered the room. "You look very beautiful to-night, Judith," he paid his usual stale compliment.

"Henry, I've heard the most delicious bit of gossip. Captain Anderson is bringing a young backwoodsman and his sister to the ball to-night. They'll probably be dressed in skins and carry rifles. Won't it be too funny for words? Kingston told me that he's going to ask the girl to dance, just to see what she'll say. Come on. I don't want to miss the fun."

The ball was just beginning to get lively when the Markingtons arrived, and two well-dressed young people were immediately pointed out to them. Captain Anderson was explaining rather heatedly that the young man was a wonder with a rifle and would rise to one of the highest ranks in the army now being commandeered under General Washington, a prophecy that the sceptical were to remember later with chagrin.

Kingston, bent on mischief, approached the girl. She looked up at him with wide, unafraid gray eyes, and he felt oddly as though he had seen her before somewhere. He felt discomfited by her poise as he asked her to dance. She smiled gravely and replied that she did not know how. One of the women in the group around Kingston whispered a remark loudly enough for the girl to hear. The others laughed noisily, and the girl, her eyes startled and hurt, raised her arm as though to ward off a blow. The young man at her side started forward, his face flushed with anger, but was stopped by a startled cry from Kingston.

"Where did you get that?" He pointed a shaking finger at a twisted gold wire on the index-finger of her left hand, a wire that he himself had put on a little girl's hand many years ago,

and on which he had scratched their initials.

"I - I don't know," she stammered, looking appealingly at James. Briefly he explained where he had met her, how she had lost her memory because of a bump on her head inflicted by the pirate, and how she had lived and grown up in his family. "If you have any idea, sir, who she may be, she would like to know."

Though at first Judith and Kingston could not believe that this mountain girl was really the long lost Alice Randolph, they were finally convinced by questioning and cross-questioning that she was, and their attitude changed at once. Alice was the belle of the ball, and Kingston, who was the "catch" of the city, proposed ardently before the ball was over.

Now, after years of hard work and the obscurity of a little mountain village, she was offered wealth, social position, even love of a kind, everything certainly that she could desire. On the other hand there was only James's great love for her, a position as the wife of an officer in a small army (how did she know that he would become famous?), and perhaps even widowhood.

It was not hard to choose, for, after all, she was an aristocrat.

B. J. B. '31

IMPRESSIONS OF WINTER

Barren grounds, leafless trees—gaunt giants that lift their naked arms upward toward the heavens, and with the great strength of the winds bow their heads as if in prayer or silent meditation!

Cold, sleety air, a wind that weirdly shrieks and moans! Then, from the crowded heavens, falls the rain, which the coldness turns to snow. See! They fall about us, fine crystal flakes in designs both fascinating and pleasing to the eye.

Faster, faster they descend upon us, until, drifting, the world is left in its new white beauty. The barren grounds now lie buried deep beneath the snowy blanket. The leafless trees stand aloft, proud of their crystal beauty.

Then come the birds, and hover hun-

grily about the frozen windowpane. If some hand has thrown a crumb out in the snow, they flock about and get a bit for their young. A few make nests within the chimney, where the good warmth of the fireplace with its burning logs protects them from the cold.

Warmly clad, the children are joyous, and with sled and skiis, they crowd about the highest hills, unmindful of the chilling blast. The way they flock together makes them not unlike the birds.

Summer, with its cooling rains, its warm sun, and its flowers, is pleasing—but I prefer the chilling blasts and freezing snows of winter, with the long, pleasant evenings before a dancing fire.

R. Scholz '33

UNUSUAL CHARACTERS IN FICTION

What queer characters we sometimes meet in the reading of romance! Very vivid figures have been portrayed as the result of an author's fertile imagination. A striking character such as only Alexander Dumas could imagine is found in "The Count of Monte Cristo"—Monsieur Noirtier. He was an old man whose white hair flowed around his shoulders. But the remarkable thing about him was that he was completely paralyzed except for the use of his eyes—his only means of talking, commanding, betraying his emotions. The impression was that of a corpse with living eyes which flashed out their messages. Although marble in features, he was far from being marble in brain, for he detected long before anyone else the murderer of three members of his family. (This reminds me of that ancient Greek myth about the Graeae, three uncanny witches who had one eye between them and took turns using it.)

Another unusual character is one of Edmond Rostand's—that delightful poet

—Cyrano de Bergerac. No man was ever quite so homely as Cyrano, for I do not think that any man has ever been cursed with a nose quite so impossible as Cyrano's. That fatal cartilage was a veritable monument upon his physiognomy.

What boy or girl hasn't reveled in the fantastical adventures of Pinocchio, the boy puppet of Carlo Collodi's? I can remember myself spell-bound reading about the trouble this naughty little puppet was always getting into. Do you remember his nose that got longer every time he told a lie?

Then there is that weird character of Robert Louis Stevenson's—Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde—one man who led a dual life. As Dr. Jekyll he was very pleasant and kind, but as Mr. Hyde he was the synonym for cruelty.

There are many unusual, strange characters with whom I am not acquainted, but I will meet them in time. They will be just as engrossing and fascinating people as those I know now.

P. L. '31

BOOK REVIEWS

"Green Mansions", a novel by W. H. Hudson, is an extremely unusual and fascinating story. The scene is laid in a luxuriant tropical forest of Veneuela. The hero, a political outcast living with the Indians to study their customs, discovers during his rambles in the forest's "green mansions" a young girl, a sort of woodland nymph—a daughter of the Didi, the Indians call her. The rest of the story is woven about their love, and at last her tragic death, after which, half crazed, he lives a hermit in the forest. The author, a great lover of nature, paints his pictures very delicately. His style is smooth flowing, and the whole effect of the story is a gem of poetry set in prose.

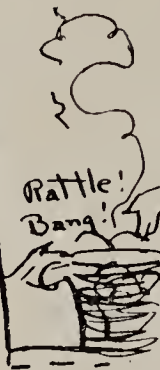
the story of a famous European doctor, and is full of adventure, for "he has lived, worked, and played, in the slums, and with royalty." The story alternates with beauty and drama; comedy and tragedy. Dr. Munthe's autobiography proves again that truth is stranger than fiction, and sometimes far more thrilling. "San Michele" is truly a different book.

"Arundel", by Kenneth Roberts is a book dealing with the American attack on Quebec in the time of the Revolution. One of the central figures is Benedict Arnold who is the leader of the secret expedition. One learns to like and admire him before one has finished the book. He certainly makes a thrilling hero. The author has a vivid vocabulary, and one almost lives in each character as he reads the stirring tale.

"San Michele", by Axel Munthe, is

RHS MENU

INFORMAL DINNER MUSIC



WHEN SHE SIMPLY
CAN'T
DECIDE



SOUP LINE

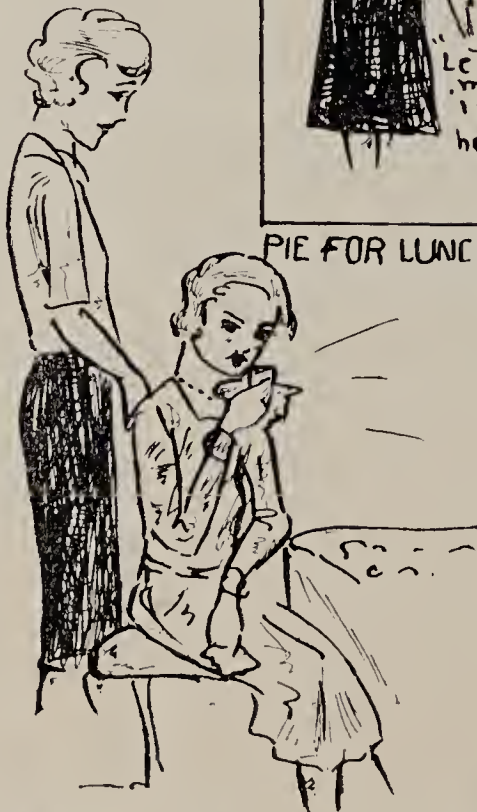


REPAIRS

Guess
who?



PIE FOR LUNCH!



EMBARRASSING MOMENTS

POETRY

PIGEONS IN MY YARD

There were pigeons in my yard today,
A flock of them. Their sleek coats
Of softest feathers were blue-gray.

They hovered on my lawn today,
A flock of quiet, peaceful birds
And loving them I wanted them to stay.

There was a cat in my yard today,
And soon a whirl of wings.
The cat, like death, had chased my
birds away.

I know that I shall miss my birds to-
morrow,
For they were peace itself to me.
Now peace is gone and there is only
sorrow. J. M. '31

MR. WIND

The wind arrives in all his fury,
A cruel, cold wind, proud of his glory;
He bends and breaks the slender trees,
Your nose and ears he tries to freeze;
He creeps in cracks of lowly huts,
This cruel, cold wind that stings and
cuts.
He whirls around each tiny town
And blows the autumn leaves all down,
Until at last he's satisfied
And he retires to gloat and hide.

R. S. '33

EVENING FANCIES

Over the misty horizon,
Along a far-reaching way,
Some day I shall sail to my Dream-
land
And there shall I anchor always.

I will cross the bar as the sun sets
In a glory of crimson and gold;
It will quiver to ashes where a star
welcomes
In the midnight blue velvet of spaces
untold. B. J. '32

A QUATRAIN

Life is short but somehow sweet
When there are crystal brooks,
Extravagant sunsets, butterflies,
And green fern scented nooks.

J. M. '31

THE HOUSE IN THE CLEARING

There's a little white house in a clear-
ing,
Far back in the woods of Maine,
That's never turned out any genius,
Nor ever been smitten with pain.

'Twas there that I first saw the light
of day,
Far away from worldly strife
And surrounded by nature's beauties
I realized the goodness of life.

But like everyone else in the world,
I longed to travel, and try
My luck with the crowd, and so
One morning I said good-by.

But now that I've stood the gaff
And have gained material success,
I long for that home in the clearing
And the joy of a mother's caress.

I dream of the deer in the valleys,
Of the bears high in the hills,
Of the song bird's cheery "Good-morn-
ing,"
And a million and one other thrills.

And then it is that I realize,
What a fool I must have been,
To leave that heaven on earth
And I long to go back again.

So I'll lock the doors of my office
And start on the out-going train
For that little white house in a clearing
Far back in the woods of Maine.

K. L. '32

FUTILITY

What a pity to be a god,
And have to hide one's yearnings
In the heart.

Fair Diana, in her moonbeam chariot,
Driving her horses off the starry path
Down, down to that low Carian cave
Where slept her shepherd lover;
Long hours of gazing at him—
No longer the queenly goddess
But a slender maiden, sighing and
dreaming
Over her heart's desire;
Then back again to high Olympus
Pale and wan from the night's vigil.

Adonis lying deathly still upon the
hillside,

His life's blood welling from the cruel
wound,
And Venus standing by him, seeing
only
The crimson staining the white gar-
ment,
The damp curls upon his brow,
And the faint spark of life
Dimming in his dark eyes;
While in her heart the longing
To kneel beside him
And gather the broken flower
Into her arms.

What a pity to be a god,
And have to hide one's yearnings
In the heart.

—Dorothy C. Drake '31

Exchange from the "Jabberwock"

LANGUAGES

FRENCH

LE CORBEAU & LE RENARD

Maitre Corbeau, sur un arbre per-
ché,

Tenait en son bec un fromage.
Maitre Renard, par l'odeur alléché,
Lui tint à peu près ce langage:
Hé, bonjour Monsieur du Corbeau,
Que vous êtes joli, que vous me
semblez beau.

Sans mentir, si votre ramage
Se rapporte à votre plumage,
Vous êtes le phénix des hotes de ce
bois.

A ces mots le corbeau ne se sent
plus de joie;
Et, pour montrer sa belle voix,
Il ouvre un large bec, laisse tom-
ber sa proie.
Le Renard s'en saisit, et dit: Mon
bon Monsieur,

Apprenez que tout flatteur
Vit aux dépens de celui qui l'é-
coute.

Cette leçon vaut bien un fro-
mage, sans doute.

Le Corbeau, honteux et confus,
Jura, mais un peu tard, qu' on
ne l'y prendrait plus.

La Fontaine.

LA FONTAINE

Jean de la Fontaine, auteur im-
mortel de fables délicieuses, aimait
beaucoup Chateau-Thierry où il na-
quit en 1621. Il étudia la théologie
et le droit, mais la poésie lui était
toujours plus intéressante. Malgré
sa nature complaisante, il lut la lit-
térature de bien des auteurs et il
passa beaucoup de temps à écrire
ses ouvrages. En 1683 il fut élu à
l'Académie Française. Il écrivit

plusieurs oeuvres, mais il est surtout célèbre par ses "Fables" que nous connaissons tous. Il passa la seconde moitié de sa vie avec ses amis, Molière, Racine, et Boileau à Paris où il mourut en 1695.

J. R. '31

LATIN

THE RAINBOW

Graeci arcum pluvium dicens esse viam factam nuntio Junonis. Idis, euntis et venientis inter caelum terramque interpretati sunt.

WHY MAGPIES CHATTER

Rex Pierus in Thessaliā quemque filiārum suarum de nomine Musarum appellavit. Hae Virginēs erant olim tam audaces ut Musas certamine canendi provocare auderent. Mortales vincere non poterant, nam praemia ab nymphis quae erant iudices filiabus Jovis danda erant. Praeterea, virginēs in formam picearum supplicio propter audaciam mutatae sunt, quā in formā loquacitatem suam vanam.

ATLANTIC OCEAN

Atlas putatur habitavisse regiones circum id quod nunc appellatur fretum Garditanum (cum Graeci saxa in utro margine freti columnas Herculis appellarent et dicerent heros ipsum per res gestas cum Geryone exisuisse.)

Aquae finitimae huic freto et maximē eas in occasum solis tan-

dem habitae sunt "Aquae Atlantidis." itaque nomen "Atlantic."

C. K. '32

B. J. '32

GERMAN

ANFUEHRUNGEN

GOETHE

Goethes Wunsch zum Neuen Jahr:

"Health enough to make work a pleasure; wealth enough to support your needs; strength enough to battle with your difficulties and overcome them; grace enough to confess your sins and forsake them; patience enough to toil until some good is accomplished; charity to see some good in your neighbor; love enough to move you to be helpful to others; faith enough to make real the things of God; hope enough to remove all anxious fears concerning the future."

"Es ist seit Jahrhunderten so viel Gutes in der Welt, dass man sich bellig nicht wundern sollte, wenn es wirkt und wieder Gutes hervorruft."

"Jeder Zustand, ja jeder Augenblick ist von unendlichem Wirt, denn er ist der Repraesentant einem ganzen Ewigkeit."

"Erinnerung:

Willst du immer weiter schweifen

Sieh, dass Gute liegt so nah
Lerne nur das Glueck ergreifen

Denn das Glueck ist immer da."
"Was im Menschen nicht ist?

Kommt auch nicht aus ihm."

Wolfgang von Goethe

TRAVEL

A SUMMER IN GERMANY



For months, yes, almost a year, we had had in our possession papers entitling us to a passage in June to Bremerhaven and to a seat in the theatre in Oberammergau for a performance of the Passion Play on August third. Whenever we chanced to catch sight of these papers during the year, we wondered rather dreamingly if we would ever be actually making use of them; but old Father Time did not forget us and on a hot June day we realized that the last final examination had been given and corrected and that the wonderful skyline of New York was slowly sinking into the west.

Life on an ocean steamer is something grand and glorious, with three big meals served each day and three smaller ones in between. These latter are offered to you on a tray with a smile which changes to a look of dis-

appointment when you refuse. It is such a happy, care-free life, if—, but never mind that. It never troubles me and anyway, as the Captain said to one young lady who told him she just wanted to die, "It costs only eighty cents to be buried at sea."

After a brief "Good Morning!" to the lovely shores around old Plymouth, England, and an evening salute to the beautiful semi-circle of lights around Cherbourg, France, we reached the great docks at Bremerhaven and spent one night in the interesting old city of Bremen. A railroad trip of about five hours landed us for a stay of two weeks in Berlin with its beautiful parks, squares, and buildings. Germany is a land of flowers; you see a perfect riot of color everywhere. Every square foot of ground is utilized for either flowers or vegetables; every house has its

garden; and almost every window in every house has its window-box, from which the blossoms crowd so upon one another that they almost fall out of the boxes. This is as true in the city streets as in the country.

The shop windows which line nearly every street on both sides, are so wonderfully arranged that nearly everyone is a work of art. Even if the shop sells only tape and safety-pins, the window display is so artistically arranged that you simply must stop to look at it.

Four times we went out by train in the morning from Berlin to spend the day in beautiful Potsdam, returning in the evening by steamer on the Havel. There we wandered through the enormous park laid out by Frederick the Great and visited his castle of "Sans-Souci," as well as the four other beautiful castles in and around Potsdam.

But time was flying and we wanted two weeks in the beautiful city of Munchen (Munich), the capital of Bavaria, the great state of southern Germany. The Bavarians are such a merry, smiling, friendly people with their picturesque, colored costumes, short—, no, just a little abbreviated—leather trousers, a bit above the knee, and their jaunty, green felt hats with ribbons and an ornament that looks exactly like an inverted shaving brush sticking straight up right in the back.

Munchen's museums are wonderful. It would take you weeks to visit them all and months to do thoroughly their new "Deutsches Museum," where your pedometer would register nine miles, if you simply walked straight through all its rooms once. But you could never do that, for there are hundreds of push-buttons on all sides with directions telling you just how many seconds to press each button to start this industrial machinery in motion or to perform before you this scientific experiment.

Much as we enjoyed Munchen, we felt the lure of the beautiful Bavarian Alps, and had to heed the command of that paper to be in Oberammergau on August third. So from the windows of the immaculate little railroad train, third class, we watched the panorama

of gigantic mountain peaks rise ever higher above us and the great ravines with their glorious forests yawn deeper and deeper below until we reached the station at Oberammergau and recognized the peculiar form of the Kofel, which towers above this mountain village. Here we met all the world: Indians, Chinese, Japanese, Americans, Australians, French, English, Italians, a real babel of tongues. The Passion Play? It has all the art, beauty and perfection of ancient Greece, displayed in a performance which lasts eight hours, all accomplished, even to the making of the magnificent costumes, by the inhabitants of this little village up in the mountains without any aid from the outside world. But we must not talk any more about that now. You see, these insidious questions, which are often so skillfully aimed at one near the beginning of periods, help to give one strength to resist temptation.

The Bavarian Alps are the most downright lovable mountains whose acquaintance it has ever been my good fortune to make. They rise peak above



peak in all directions with the beautiful lakes, forests, and charming villages nestled in between. I wish I could describe the picturesque, painted, cement cottages, each a work of art, the prettiest things in the shape of houses which I have ever seen. We were so fortunate as to see for a week or two what one rarely sees in summer, deep snow on all the mountains just as in winter. We climbed to the top of the Zugspitze, the highest mountain in Germany, on August fourteenth in five feet of snow and a raging blizzard. However, we walked only the last part of the way from the station where the cable road from Austria stops.

These pictures show you how we travelled—to the moon, for where else could you possibly be going in these cars except to the moon? It is quite needless to say that the views from these cars are magnificent, and we had four different trips in them.

If you want to travel by railroad or by motorbus in Germany, both of which are very enjoyable, never be tempted to travel by airplane, for if you do, I fear you will never be content to travel any other way. We decided to try only a short trip of about an hour first, so that in case we did not like it, the agony would not last very long. From that time on, not even our pocketbooks could persuade us to travel any other way but in the air. We flew entirely across Germany from Munchen to Bremerhaven, a distance of at least six hundred miles and were in the air about seven hours at a total cost of thirty-eight dollars. It is a most wonderful experience. It is much like riding in an auto, except that you seem to be scarcely moving, and the beautiful panorama of forests, rivers, lakes, cities, and mountains glides past below you. It is a geogra-

phy lesson that you can never forget. You see just why each city or town is located where it is. The most magnificent scene of all, however, came on our very first trip. It was a cloudy, rainy day on the earth. I think the pilot knew that it was our first trip. It was after about half-an-hour he looked back through the little window in the front of the plane with a smiling question on his face, which said, "Are you all right?" I nodded and must have conveyed to him the delight I felt, for he soon went up higher and we came into the bright sunshine up above the clouds. The scene we looked out upon is indescribable. It was a beautiful ocean of snow white clouds piled up in the most wonderful shapes. You really almost peered off into the distance, expecting to see Jupiter seated on his golden throne with Juno by his side, or Venus admiring her beauty in a golden mirror, or Vulcan forging the thunderbolts for Jupiter to hurl upon the earth. But instead we saw after a time only the picturesque roofs of the old city of Nurnberg spread out below us.

From Nurnberg we flew to Bayreuth to attend the Wagner operas which are given there in the great Wagner Theatre with Toscanini or Muck as director of the great orchestra. From Bayreuth we flew back to Berlin for five days and from there flew in two and one-half hours to Bremerhaven, a trip which requires six or seven hours by rail. Here we were forced to say good-bye for the time being to Germany, as the "Stuttgart" glided out into the Weser to the music of the orchestra on board and turned her nose toward New York.

(Editor's Note: We are very grateful to Miss Dunning for her interesting contribution.)

ACTIVITIES

Don't forget the Pioneer Contest. All students, including those on the Pioneer Board, may enter. Papers must be marked "Entered in Pioneer Contest," and placed in the Pioneer Box on or before March 1. There will be two first prizes of \$5.00 each and two second prizes of \$2.50 each. A certain number of pupils must enter before the contest can be held. Join and try your hand at writing.

On Nov. 6, a special assembly, opened by a piano solo by Irvin Brogan, was held. Miss Barlow introduced the speaker of the afternoon, Miss Brown, the librarian of the Reading Public Library. She spoke to us about the classification and arrangement of all the books. Mr. Sussmann closed the assembly with a few words of thanks to Miss Brown for giving us her time.

This fall the agricultural students at R. H. S. formed the Middlesex Young Farmer's Club. The officers are:

Pres.—Karl Struss

Vice Pres.—Herbert Fowler

Sec.—H. A. Gibbons

Treas.—Arthur Smith

H. T. Wheeler, head of the agricultural department, is the advisor.

Harold Phillips, a former student at Reading High gave a very interesting talk to the boys of the agricultural class on Nov. 6. He was steward on the schooner yacht "Mistral," and had a chance to see the International cup races this fall. He told the boys how the boats were built, rigged, and handled, and gave also some personal experiences with Sir Thomas Lipton.

The proposed Constitution for Massachusetts was adopted as the constitution of this chapter. It was moved and seconded that the members of the team going to Amherst Nov. 14-15, be appointed delegates to any meeting of the state association that might be held at that time. The Secretary was instructed to write to Mr. Rufus W. Strinson Supervisor of Agricultural education for advice as to further action in joining state organization. It was voted that the name of this club be the Middlesex Young Farmers Club as we were the only department in Middlesex County.

H. A. Gibbons, Sec.

"The Empty Room," a Christmas play given by the Reading High School, was a big success. The characters were well portrayed and the scenery was very effective. The play was coached by Miss Day and Miss Barlow. Miss Nichols, aided by the art class, arranged for the stage properties.

Scene: A room in the old kahn in Bethlehem.

Time: Evening of the first Christmas.

Characters

Hamar, a young Bethlehemite	Richard Merritt
Joanna, his cousin	Anna Reck
Rebecca, mother of Hamar	Marguerite Moreau
The Prophet	Robert Coolidge
Mary of Nazareth	Jean Marshall
A Nobleman of Capurnam	Lyman Belknap
A Servant	Jack Chapin

ATHLETICS

BOYS' ATHLETICS

The record of the Reading team at the end of the football season was somewhat misleading. To be sure victories were few, but good sportsmanship was ours throughout.

Those present at the Wakefield game witnessed a noble contest, in which the more powerful team had to take advantage of all good fortune and contend grimly for its success.

The ancient and honorable tradition of rushing the goal posts left an indelible impression in our minds not to mention our bodies. With a formidable determination the Alumni held the Wakefield onslaught in check.

There seemed to be a penetrating spirit that aroused the entire student body, and succeeded in retaining an atmosphere of good will and loyalty toward this business of following the team.

With football so recent in our minds further comment on the team's achievement is unnecessary, but the past grid season is not easily forgotten.

The general routine followed by the gym classes was enumerated in the last issue. Volley ball has since been introduced and is thoroughly enjoyed and anticipated by proteges of coach Howe.

Ardent followers of basketball are rejoicing in the results up to date.

Coach Howe had a very promising lot of material to experiment with, and he has applied himself diligently. Such a combination should infallibly turn out a good team. It seems that the squad has grown to admire and hold great faith in their leader. This is the highest compliment that can be bestowed upon a man so new in the business of dealing with these young

men.

We may rest assured that Mr. Howe possesses great abilities, not only as a coach but also as a philosopher, and he thoroughly understands his charge.

There are about twenty men remaining, of an original showing of candidates of double the number. They are men of some past experience and are well acquainted with basketball technique and the principles of good sportsmanship.

The foundation of good passwork, shooting, and general facility in handling the ball were persistently practiced from the first. Then, as proficiency increased, formations and plays followed. Each one has an insatiable desire to do his best.

The R. H. S. boys displayed themselves proudly when they took over the Alumni, the first game. This game was all the more difficult because of the advent of certain past stars who still retained great prowess on the Alumni team.

A very unassuming group went to Belmont one afternoon not long ago and were met with not a little jeering on the part of the Belmont rooters. There was a second team game that was a fight to the finish at which time the home team had a margin of favor that was very small. Then an imposing looking first team took the floor. There is not a great deal to say with the exception that it was all too easy for Reading. The passwork was irreproachable and the shooting of Captain Pierce, Sias, and Burhoe was worthy of laudation.

The blood of the spectator still sears hot from the Lexington game. This being a league struggle, a successful outcome was anticipated. Both games, however, were captured by the visitors. Superior skill in caging the ball was of great advantage to Lexington. The

game was thrilling to the last play, and although a friendly disputation arose now and then, the attitude was for the most part congenial.

GIRLS' ATHLETICS

The girls are still keeping up the posture classes. The new gym suits are green and are made like rompers. The girls wear green ankle socks with

them.

Basketball continues, although no outside games have been played as yet. The schedule for basketball is as follows:

Jan. 22—Belmont at Belmont

Jan. 24—Stoneham at Stoneham

Feb. 5—Wakefield at Reading

Feb. 19—Stoneham at Reading

March 2—Winchester at Winchester

JOKES

"I'd be ashamed to be a great strong man like you and ask for money!"

"So, I am, madam, but I once got eighteen months for taking it without asking."

For nearly an hour the talkative man had bored his fellow passengers in the railway coach with accounts of his dog, Towser.

"Sir," said the old gentleman, who had been vainly trying to snatch forty winks, "suppose you took Towser into a shop and bought him a muzzle, and then asked the assistant to put it on for you and he refused, what would you do?"

"Why," said the talkative one, "I'd put it on myself."

"Quite so," was the reply. "And I think all present will agree with me that the result would be excellent."

Dear old Dad: What a relief.

Mom: What?

D. O. D. Our boy doesn't drink. I found nothing but empty ginger ale bottles in his room.

"My father was a great Western politician in his day."

"What did he run for?"

"The border."

The fair co-ed wept over "The Man Without a Country," but when she considered the possibility of a country

without a man she realized that the author was a piker at creating tragic situations.

And did you know that two Scotch boys turned in their basketball suits because they couldn't shoot all the free throws?

Don't cry, little girl because vacation's over. Pity the poor fishes; they must stay in a school all the year round.

"Hey, there, feller. What you all runnin' fo'?"

"I's gwine to stop a fight."

"Who's all fightin'?"

"Jes' me and another feller."

"What is your son taking in college?"

"Oh, he's taking all I've got."

Why should we have to learn to read? They have talking movies now.

He: I never knew love was like this.

She: Neither did I; I thought there were more flowers and candy to it.

He: "My grandfather was a gold digger in the Klondike."

She: "So was my grandmother."

When it came to A. L.'s reducing she was a poor loser.

He: Well, my dear, I've just had my life insured for a million dollars.

She: How sensible. Now I shan't have to keep telling you to be so careful every place you go.

Judge: This officer states that he found you two fighting in the middle of the street.

Defendant: The officer has misled you. When he arrived, we were trying to separate each other.

"What's the matter with that football player?"

"I hear it's high blonde pressure."

Many a man in love with a dimple makes the mistake of marrying the whole girl.

Sweet Young Thing: I'd like a ticket to a football game.

Man Behind the Bars: Yes, ma'am. Which game?

S. Y. T.: Oh, one that'll have a thrilling play in the last two minutes.

"When I go to college," said the little high schooler, "I am going to call myself 'Minutes,' because minutes always pass."

Junior: "So I've got to have an anaesthetic. How long will it be before I know anything?"

Doctor: "Now don't expect too much of the anaesthetic."

Sweet Young Thing: "I want a mirror."

Clerk: "A hand mirror?"

Sweet Young Thing: "No, one for my face."

Advice for Experienced Seniors: "Many a girl's broken heart isn't all it's cracked up to be."

EXTRACTS FROM EXAM PAPERS

"About this time Columbus was cursing around among the West Indies."

"Jackson's campaign in the valley was the greatest piece of millinery work ever known."

"The oldest son of the king of France is called the Dolphin."

"The Duke of Clarence, according to his usual custom, was killed in battle."

"Heathens are paragons (Pagans) that wash up idle things."

"The Indians call their wives squabs."

DIRGE

Alegbra, Latin and French,
The original unholy three.
English and history too,
What overworked creatures are we!

Shorthand and Chemistry,
(There's poison in that)
German, Geometry—
Our brains are worn flat.

Books to the write of us, books to the read of us,

Teachers all round us volley and thunder.

Up every night 'till twelve,

Dig, cram, drudge, and delve.

They tell us we're dumb—it's no wonder!

What can a scholar do,

Poor little creature?

"This will your home-work be—"

Terrible teacher.

READING HIGH'S A B C's

A is for Anna, our sweet little blonde.

B is for Barbara, as a student just great.

C is for Ches, of collecting most fond.

D is for Dot, who stands up so straight.

E is for England, to us not a place.

F is for Fitz, our worthy coach.

G. is for j'ometry, such a disgrace.

H. is for Halpin, beyond reproach.

I is for Irvin, always grinning.

J is for Jeane, hopping about a great deal.
 K is for Katherine, always so willing.
 L is for Louis, our captain ideal.
 M is for Mary, known to fame.
 N is for niblick, which digs up the dirt.
 O is for an orator, Dixon by name.
 P is for Pomfret, meticulous Mert.
 Q is for Quigle, our secretary able.
 R is for Rita, who loves to flirt.
 S is for Sailor, who has written a fable.
 T is for Talbot, whom smiling doesn't hurt.
 U is for Us, the Seniors grave.
 V is for Verna, whose head is aloft.
 W is for work, that the teachers gave.
 X — the unknown, our dear little sophs.
 Y is for yet, a word which means still.
 Z is for zeal, things done with a will.

"LITTLE WHITE LIES"

"Good Evening," said The Gay Cabellero to Sweet Jenny Lee, Under a Texas Moon. The Moon Was Low and he started Whispering Those Little White Lies. "I Haven't Heard a Single Word from You, Ma Cherie, and you know I'm Yours, Body and Soul."

"I Know that You Know that I'll Be Blue Just Thinking of You," she replied.

"Give Me Something to Remember You By," he pleaded

"Should I?" she asked.

"Sweetheart of All My Dreams, Believe It or Not, My Love for You, will last Always and Always."

"You Wouldn't Fool Me?" she interrupted.

"No, I Love You Truly. Why, The Moment I Saw You, Sweetheart, I knew it was Only You! My Heart Stood Still, Because I knew you were My Secret Passion, My Beautiful Doll," said the Boy Friend.

"Them There Eyes tell me that you

say those **Three Little Words, Just a Cheerful Little Earful** too often to Dinah and Sweet Sue. **You're Driving Me Crazy!"**

To this outburst he exclaimed, "**Love Me or Leave Me.**"

"Au Revoir," she sobbed, "but **I'll Be Crying Myself to Sleep, Because, I'm Blue Again,** but it's been **Just Like in a Story Book.**"

Dinah '31
Sweet Sue '31

We wonder:

Why horsemen are still preferred to cavalry.

Why Mr. Halpin wouldn't stoop to look at a book.

Why the Pioneer editors look so careworn.

Who invented mid-years. (We'd just like to get our hands on him.)

Which aspect of Betty Shay's personality makes her so attractive to the boys.

Why everyone can't have a part in the Senior play.

Where all those suggestions from the pupils for the "Pioneer" could have gone.

What is the attraction in the detention room that makes certain pupils attend so regularly.

Whether the teachers really have such a poor opinion of us as they sometimes infer.

What Mrs. Tilton would do if no one was late or absent.

Why Irvin is always late to Latin.

Why, being an up-to-date town, Reading hasn't installed escalators in the High School.

What the difference is between Chinese torture and a problem in advanced Algebra.

Mr. Halpin (reading to class) "As a mathematician stands by Niagara Falls, you may see a dreamy look come into his eyes."

Mr. Halpin: Probably wondering why he ever got married.

She: (to bridge expert) Now if you were in the same circumstances, how would you have played that hand?

He: (icily) Under an assumed name!

"I nearly walked off with a nifty coonskin overcoat at the cafe last night."

"What happened?"

"When I got out on the sidewalk I found a college boy inside it."

Senior: "I'll give you a hundred dollars to do my worrying for me."

Frosh: Great. Where's the hundred?

Senior: That's your first worry.

"Say, I'd like to get a ticket for the game on the 50-yard line, down in front in back of the dugout."

"We have a water boy, thank you."

Red Cap: Porter service, sir?

Traveler: No, the name is Ed White.

"I shall be so happy, darling, when you give me a ring," she murmured.

"Yes, of course,—er—what's your number?"

"What do you want?" asked Irvin leading the high school orchestra.

"Well," answered the local constable, "somebody phoned to the police station to say Schubert was being murdered 'ere."

Hiltz said his spelling was correct except that he left the "k" out of obstacle.

EXCHANGES

"Blue Flame" Hycedale, Mass.

A fine literary section. Your magazine is very complete from the standpoint of written material, but a few pictures would liven it up a little.

"Chevron" Albion, New York.

There is nothing but praise for this splendid issue. Every department contains the finest of material.

"Record" Newburyport, Mass.

A well arranged magazine. The editorials are quite to the point. Why not collect your scattered poems into a poem section?

"The Distaff" Girl's High School, Boston.

Your poems and jokes are distributed all through the issue. Your material is interesting however.

"Lawrence High School Bulletin," Lawrence, Mass.

"Gossip" is very snappy, as usual. The October number was extremely interesting. Wouldn't an Alumni Column help?

"The Reflector" Woburn, Mass.

A very clever magazine, complete in every detail. Your poem section was unusually large.

"School Life" Melrose, Mass.

Your Personals are snappy and your poem section is fine. What a long list of exchanges you have!

"The Archon" Dummer Academy.

This is a very interesting magazine, and unusual in that it is published by boys only. Everything was found in it that would be expected except jokes. Don't boys have a sense of humor?

"Western Star" West Somerville, Mass.

This fine magazine from Junior High School pupils makes our older and more mature minds look to their laurels. The only fault to be found is that the different kinds of material are rather mixed up.

"The Jabberwock" Girl's Latin School, Boston.

This is a very interesting magazine as every one is.

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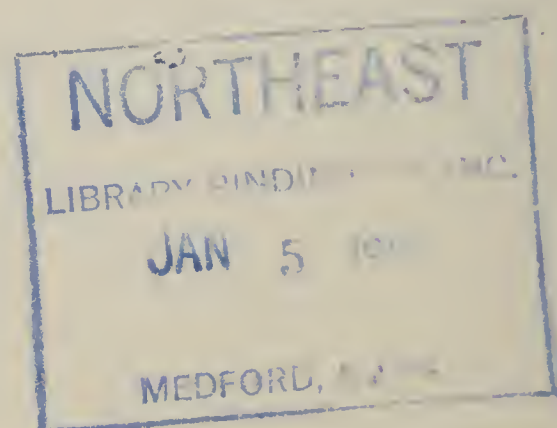
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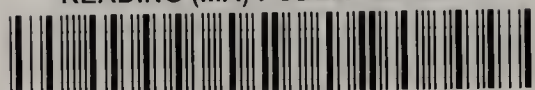
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